CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VIII. London, August, 1910 No. 4

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. { United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents the copy.

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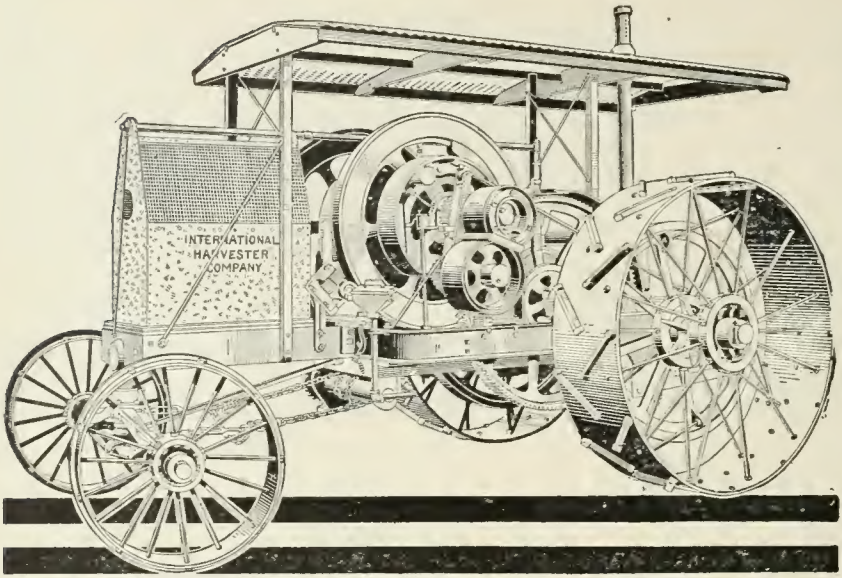
Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON 382 Clarence St. | TORONTO 68 Victoria St. | MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg. | CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg



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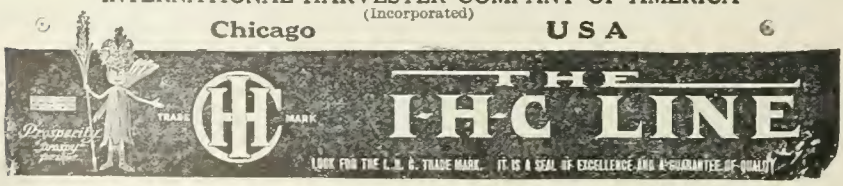
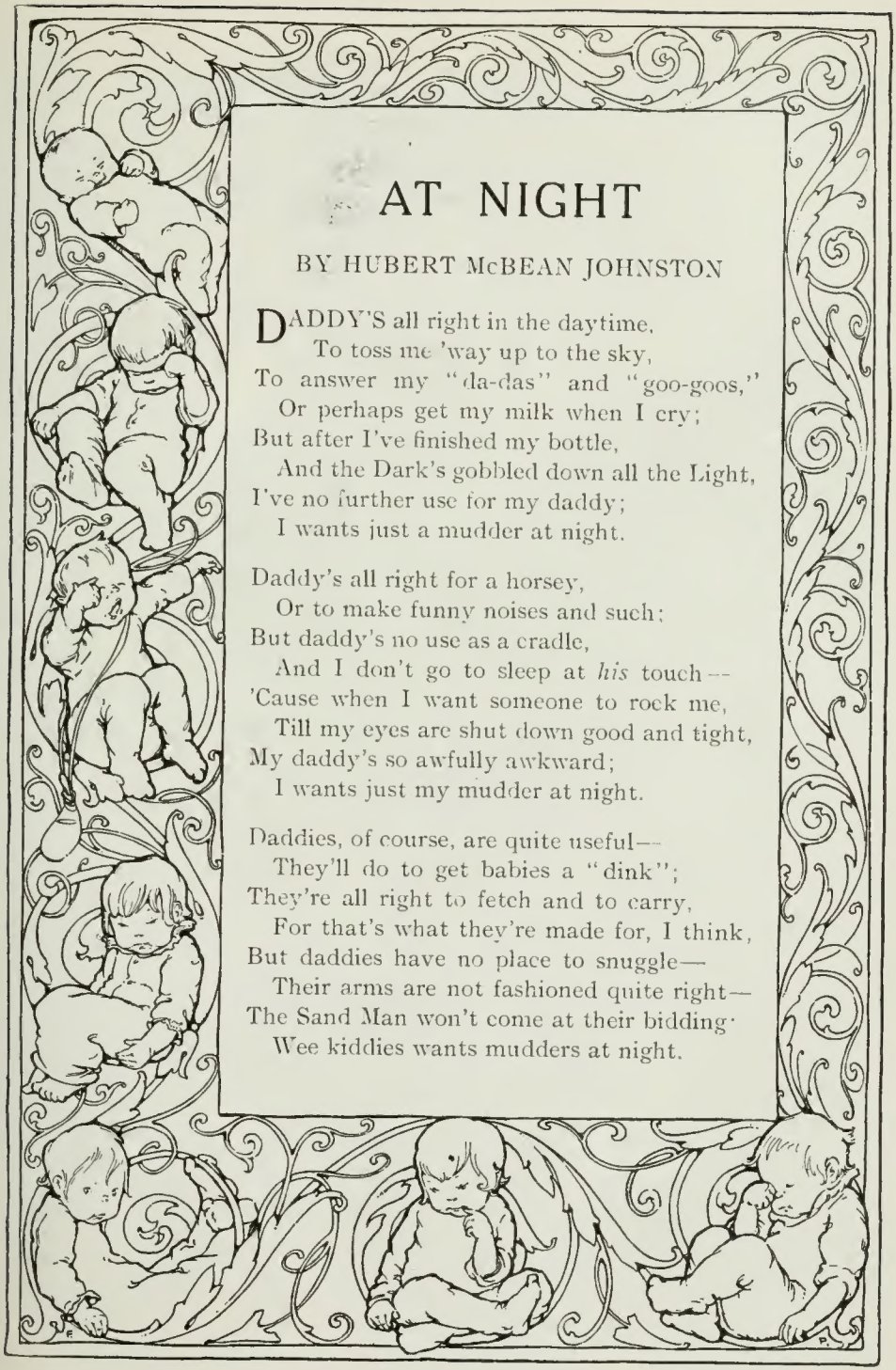




AT NIGHT

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

DADDY'S all right in the daytime,
To toss me 'way up to the sky,
To answer my "da-das" and "goo-goos,"
Or perhaps get my milk when I cry;
But after I've finished my bottle,
And the Dark's gobbled down all the Light,
I've no further use for my daddy;
I wants just a mudder at night.

Daddy's all right for a horsey,
Or to make funny noises and such;
But daddy's no use as a cradle,
And I don't go to sleep at *his* touch—
'Cause when I want someone to rock me,
Till my eyes are shut down good and tight,
My daddy's so awfully awkward;
I wants just my mudder at night.

Daddies, of course, are quite useful—
They'll do to get babies a "dink";
They're all right to fetch and to carry,
For that's what they're made for, I think,
But daddies have no place to snuggle—
Their arms are not fashioned quite right—
The Sand Man won't come at their bidding·
Wee kiddies wants mudders at night.

THE COQ HIMSELF, WHOSE PART COQUELIN FOR SEVEN YEARS DREAMED OF PLAYING, ONLY TO BE CHEATED BY FATE AT THE LAST

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, AUGUST, 1910 NUMBER 4

THE COCK WHO CALLED THE DAWN

BY HILDA VIRGINIA JONES

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF THE FAMOUS CHANTECLER AQUARELLES BY M. EDEL

"THE saddest thing in the world is a man of broken courage," says Darrell of the Blessed Isles, and *Chantecler*, the new play that has stirred the interest of two continents, is the obverse side of that pitiful phrase. The *Coq*, who so long believed that his voice awakened the sleepy day and brought *la belle Aurore* to flush the eastern sky, took heart again in spite of learning that the sun rose without any aid of his, and called the dawn as valiantly as of old.

"Eh, well," he says in effect, "though I do not call the dawn in reality, my voice tells these poor creatures that the sun will rise—and that is something."

Delicate and fairylike the play is, unbelievably so when one considers the barnyard setting and the homely chickens which inspire the dainty music of the words—and yet with an undercurrent of sadness running through it that hints at the end. Despite the fun-making, despite the clever caricaturing, despite the laughter and the satire and the flashes of rapier words, even the first act presages dimly the disillusion and disappointment of the *Coq*, just as Coquelin among the rose-leaves and sunshine of Rostand's garden felt that he, too, was doomed to defeat—that he would never walk the boards in the cleft shoes of Chantecler.

THE RABBIT, CARROT AND ALL

The play opens on a bright Sunday morning, after the farm folk have gone to the fair. "Some philosophers," says Rostand, "would say that there was

THE PHEASANT HEN IN HER GORGEOUS PLUMAGE, STOLEN FROM THE PHEASANT COCK. A COQUETTISH SUFFRAGETTE, SHE IS THE HEROINE OF THE PLAY, AND HER SIREN WAYS CAPTURE THE HEART OF THE COQ FROM THE INSTANT SHE FLUTTERS OVER THE GARDEN WALL

not a soul left, but we humbly believe that there are hearts. Man in leaving does not take with him all drama. One can laugh and suffer without him."

In the farmyard the Hens peck and chatter. A Pigeon stops at their shed-roof to catch a glimpse of the renowned Cock, "the one whose cry pierces the blue horizon like a gold-threaded needle stitching the hilltops to the sky." Above their heads the Blackbird hops and whistles, a rowdy jester, who once knew a city sparrow, and since that meeting talks in the cynical argot of the streets, affirming it the correct thing in town, although Chantecler remarks, "I once knew a robin who lived beneath a city poet's eaves, and he did not talk like you." Nothing is exempt from the Blackbird's mocking tongue. Trust him not to believe, with the rest of the farmyard in the Cock's prowess, or in his command of the sun—not he! But neither is he such a fool as to betray his disbelief in the face of popular opinion, and he hides his private notions under a mocking trill. Most of the farmyard consider him extremely clever, although some of them complain that he never whistles his tune to the end. To this the Turkey remarks, "That's too easy, carrying it to the end!" (He hums the tune the Blackbird has been whistling.) "'How sweet to fare afield and cull—and cull—' You should know, Duck, that the thing in art is to leave off before the end. 'And cull—and cull—' The whole point is lost, if you tell them what you cull."

Presently Chantecler enters, accepts the homage of the Pigeon, issues lordly commands to his harem, and sends them afield to forage for grubs and grasshoppers. When they have departed, Chantecler and Patou, the farm

dog, have a conversation, in which Patou protests against the Blackbird, saying that his spirit of modern cynicism and smartness has infected the entire farmyard. Chantecler laughs at this—the idea of anyone's undermining his influence is too absurd Yet, as the Old Hen, his foster-mother, observes, "Bubbles downstream tell of laundresses upstream," and in the course of the scene Chantecler discovers several bubbles. The Guineapig is no longer yellow, he is "khaki." The Duck no longer takes his bath, but his "tub." The Guinea Hen has a day. Says the Blackbird, who has joined the conversation, mimicking the fussy Guinea, "Mondays, my dear—"

"What do they do at that feather-brain's parties?" inquires Chantecler.

"Cluck and cackle," responds Patou with a growl. "The Turkey-cock airs his social graces, the Chick gets into society."

"From five to six—" remarks the Blackbird, with a simper and a wink.

"Evening?" says Chantecler, amazed.

"No, morning," grunts Patou.

"You see," the Blackbird explains, "she must take advantage of the time when the garden is deserted, and yet have it a five o'clock tea. So she chose five o'clock in the morning, when the old gardener is at his early potations."

THE COQ DISILLUSIONED

THE COQ IN HIS PRIDE

This is not merely a bubble, it is a balloon. Never before has anyone in the barnyard dared to undertake anything without the Cock's seal of approval on the enterprise.

Chantecler is shocked at such independence, and is about to voice his disapproval, when the Pheasant Hen flies over the wall, pursued by a hunter. Before the hunter's dog appears, Chantecler and Patou, thinking their rainbow visitor a Pheasant Cock, hide her in Patou's kennel, later throwing the dog off the scent and saving her from the poacher's gamebag. But the hunter's dog explains that she is no cock, but a lady who prefers to attire herself in the rainbow tints of the male, and see life, instead of being content to shelter a brood of Pheasant Chicks under a sober gray wing, and this makes all the difference in the world to Chantecler, who preens himself and awaits her appearance.

THE PEACOCK, ARGUS OF A THOUSAND EYES

When the dog departs, the Pheasant Hen comes forth, and introduces herself with all the grace of an experienced society woman. In five minutes she has won the heart of the susceptible Chantecler, repulsed his lovemaking, and established a shrewd "just like-two friends" basis, which she intends to keep up just as long—or as short—a time as she chooses. Now Chantecler, abashed, must content himself with showing her over his domain, which he thinks so wonderful, but which bores the Pheasant Hen, used to wider spheres. At last he shows her the spot where he sings.

"Your song, then, is a matter of importance?" says she.

"The very greatest!" affirms Chantecler, seriously, but he does not explain why, and to all her inquiries, responds indefinitely and changes the subject.

A secret! Now at last he has struck something that interests the Pheasant Hen, and she tries to worm it out of him. But he is firm. The secret that he makes the sun to rise is not to be told to anyone. Great the world may consider him, magnificent they may consider him, they may reverence his clarion call and adore him, but that he calls the day and brings the rosy pencils of morning to the world, is not to be revealed. That is his sacred mission, the thing for which he was formed, and he holds it in as sacred trust as a high priest holds the mysteries of the holy of holies. So he changes the subject and continues to play showman about the yard, until the Pheasant Hen admits thoughtfully, "One feels that you have a soul."

With this admission, there is a rush of Hens, headed by the excited Guinea, whom the Blackbird has slyly apprised of the Pheasant Hen's arrival, and who is bent on inviting her to the five o'clock tea on the morrow.

"My dear, would you care to come quite informally and take a simple snail with us? The Peacock and the Tortoise are to attend, and the Tufted Hen has promised to bring Chantecler."

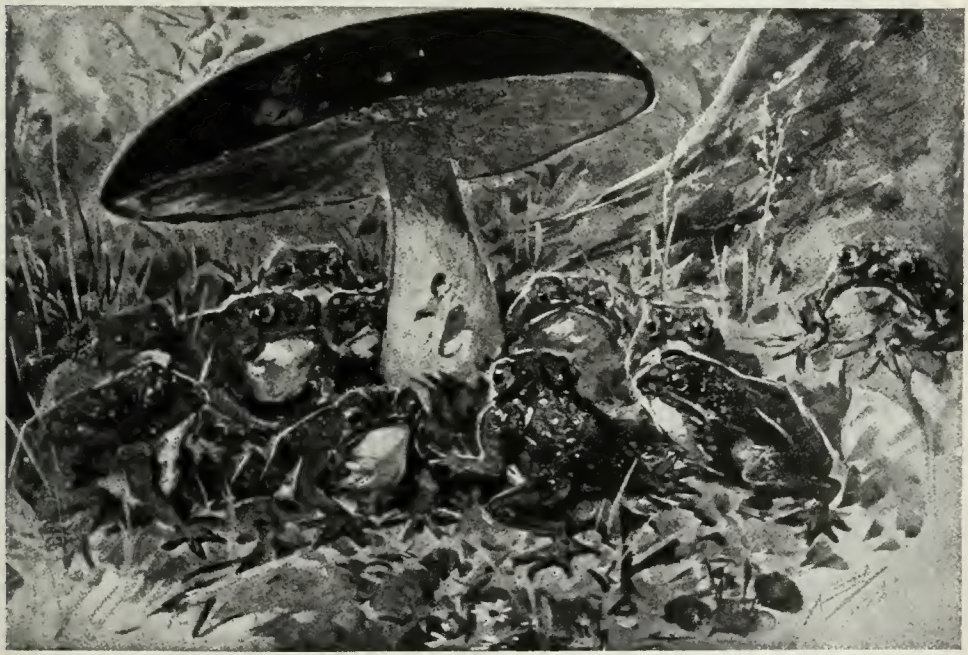
But here Chantecler raises an unexpected obstacle; he won't come—not for Tufted Hens by the dozen. He is disgusted with all his harem, anyhow, after this beautiful stranger—dowdies and frumps, every one of them. Again he interests the Pheasant Hen.

"Oh, but you will go," she says.

"Why?"

"Because you said 'No' to the other," answers the Pheasant Hen daringly, and for a moment he wavers. But at last he refuses, and the Pheasant Hen retires to Patou's kennel, where she is to spend the night.

The moment the day creatures sleep, the Eyes come out. The Mole, the Owls, the Bat, the Cat, all appear. They hate Chantecler and plot to hire a fighting cock to kill him at the Guinea Hen's party.



MONSTROUS INDEED IS THE MUSHROOM THAT SHELTERS THESE HUMAN TOADS

THE GUINEA-HEN, LION-HUNTER AND SOCIAL CLIMBER, WHO GIVES FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS IN THE GARDEN—THAT IS, AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE GARDENER IS AT HIS EARLY POTATIONS

party, and arouses the jealousy of all the other hens by hinting to them that the Cock has a secret, suggesting to each one that she of course knows what it is. One after another the Hens besiege the Cock. Each one says, in effect, "Since I am nearest to your heart of all the flock, you must tell me, and me alone." They embarrass Chantecler horribly, for already he has told each of the Hens that she is his dearest, and he is very much afraid that the others may overhear the conversation. So he puts off each one, agreeing with everything she says, and letting her think that she knows the secret. But all day he thinks of the Pheasant Hen, and falls deeper and deeper in love with her. Tomorrow the Day shall be even brighter and more beautiful because the sun shines upon her beauty.

When morning breaks, Chantecler goes to call the sun above the horizon, and takes the Pheasant Hen with him. She sees him perform the miracle, and tells him she loves him. Day comes, glorious and golden. The secret is revealed.

The Blackbird also sees the miracle, but laughs at it knowingly. However, he warns the Cock that there is a plot against him. After day is come the Pheasant Hen goes to the Guinea Hen's

But this dawn is not to be called by Chantecler's voice. This day it is decreed otherwise. Chantecler oversleeps. When he awakes, the sun is in the sky, and every rick and rooftree is tipped with dazzling gold. Day is come; day unheralded, unbidden by any clarion call. The Cock is crushed; his power is gone; his belief in himself

as the high-priest of these mysteries has wilted like a broken flower. It is not true, then, that he made the sunshine sparkle; it came without him. It were better now to die.

Yet *Chantecler* is not a cry of defeat and disillusion. After the first shock, the first heart-breaking revelation, Chantecler plucks up heart, and carries his crest erect once more. Everyone believes in him, everyone thinks that his voice wakes the world, and why should he disillusion them? No! Though in reality he does not call the day, his voice tells these poor creatures that the sun will rise—and that is something. "Courage!" he says to himself. "Courage! I will call the dawn as of old."

THE WHITE HEN, WHO IS QUITE SURE THAT SHE IS THE DEAREST OF ALL THE HENS TO THE COQ, AND CAUSES HIM UNSPEAKABLE EMBARRASSMENT BY INTIMATING THIS FACT BEFORE OTHER HENS WHO HAVE HEARD THE SAME ENDEARMENTS FROM THE WATTLED HEAD OF THE FLOCK

And so the play ends.

The pity of it is that *Chantecler*, the brave cry of courage in the face of disillusion, was the unrealized dream, the last and most bitter disappointment of Coquelin, who died, weary and broken, just as the play was on the point of production with himself in the role he had worked on constantly for seven years.

It was in 1903 that Rostand confided to Coquelin his new inception, and the comedian, eager to hear the reading of the first proofs, accepted Rostand's invitation to visit him at his home in Cambo. Playwright and actor went over the play eagerly, reading, changing, working out details with a rapid enthusiasm that fired Coquelin's imagination to white heat. He felt that he could hardly wait for the completion of the

play, and urged Rostand on feverishly.

But Rostand had another dream that engrossed at least half of his mind, and was perhaps even dearer than *Chantecler*. Ordered by his physicians to leave Paris for the mild, soft air of the Pyrenees some years previously, Rostand had acquired a barren sheep-pasturing hill girdled by the silver Arnaga, and had devoted his whole energy into converting the barren scrap to a veritable garden of dreams. Daily conferences with the most celebrated European landscape artists, architects and decorators took up much of his time; and although he told the impatient actor that these conferences and the development of Arnaga was the direct inspiration of much of the beauty of *Chantecler*, yet Coquelin fumed at the delay.

Rostand kept him informed of the progress of the drama daily, and at each new phase Coquelin was more delighted with the idea. He talked of its beauty to his friends in Paris; he wrote of its possibilities to his friends abroad. Before its completion he proclaimed it "stronger than L'Aiglon, surpassing Cyrano." "It will revolutionize Paris" he told his compatriots, and with the passing of each day, his patience strained nearer the breaking-point as he endeavored frantically to hasten its inception so that the world might share the indomitable hope that he felt it would bring.

But at Arnaga, Rostand was busy working over the placing of gardens, and spending long hours of apparently idle dreaming; and neither the estate nor the play progressed as rapidly as outsiders wished them to do. It may be that he felt *Chantecler* suffered at the expense of Arnaga, but the enthusiasm that his Paris friends felt for the play heightened his own enthusiasm for Arnaga, which few of them had ever seen. So Coquelin, torn by desire and anguish to see the birth of *Chantecler*, was forced to admire and delight equally in Arnaga's daily increasing beauty, and he succeeded so well in

PATOU, THE FARM-DOG, WHO HAS A SOUL ABOVE BONES

this difficult task that Rostand did not suspect the agony of this period to his impatient friend.

So it was not until May, 1904, that *Chantecler* was at last complete; and then, despite Coquelin's entreaties, the author, true to his ideals, laid the manuscript away until August, when final arrangements were made for its formal reading to the managers. Coquelin endured this with unfaltering patience; and continued to wait in spite of the subsequent mourning in the Rostand family which prevented all business intercourse for still another year. This was the year of his tour of the United States, and he left Paris partly consoled by the manuscript of the *Coq's* part stored in his safest pocket. As everyone knows, his American tour was a triumphant success from start to finish, yet every letter written during this period, almost every thought expressed, proves that *Chantecler*, and nothing but *Chantecler*, was sounding in his ears and working in his brain.

Upon his return to Paris he was letter-perfect in his part, more enthusiastic than ever over the beauties of the play, and more eager for its presentation. Surely the day of patience and hope deferred was past; a few months would surely see the dream come true. But Fate, who always has a card up her sleeve, played it now. Coquelin, bodily fatigued by the unceasing hard work of his tour, fell an easy victim to the epidemic of bronchopneumonia that was then raging in Paris. For a time his sufferings, both physical and mental, were intense, though his courage was unshaken. He fretted unspeakably against Fate and

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PIGEON

THE BLACKBIRD IS THE MERRY JESTER OF THE COMPANY, A ROLLICKING, SLANGY, CITY-BRED CHAP WITH A MOT FOR EVERYONE

his own incapacity; and Rostand, realizing his condition, suggested that he spend the period of his convalescence at Arnaga, where they could discuss the final aspects of the play. His physicians, realizing his impatience and disappointment in the unexpected delay caused by his illness, acquiesced to the project, and Coquelin departed for Rostand's home.

The first sight of Arnaga was the first step in Coquelin's recovery. Every detail of the beautiful place rested alike tired body and chafed spirit. The soft, mellow beauty of the land, the clear and gentle air of the Spanish Pyrenees, the stately house crowning the hill, the broad open windows, the sloping roof, the wide parterres and the glorious profusion of flowers everywhere made it an ideal refuge for an invalid. He shared Rostand's enthusiasm in each

carefully-considered detail of the estate with as much interest as he would have displayed in studying the development of *Chantecler*—apparently. And really Arnaga could not help but be a delight to any lover of beauty. The approach to the house, shrouded in mystery by thick-foliaged oaks, the fine specimens of cypress, evergreen and plane trees, the French gardens, smooth as velvet, the beautiful lake of sailing swans were each a constant joy. Within the house the touch of the master mind was equally potent. The finest work of artists, the wonderful tapestries and rugs lent just the required touch to the rooms, both large and small.

In this atmosphere of flying rose-leaves and fragrant odors, Coquelin quickly recovered. Rostand and he spent long hours of talk about the play, and by the time he was permitted to return to Paris, the plans for costumes and scenery were well under way. In Paris he spent every possible moment on his own conception of the play, and the details of his costume, with every expectation of putting the play upon the stage as soon as the mechanical details could be completed.

But he had hardly begun when news came of Rostand's serious illness, followed almost immediately by the necessity of his undergoing an operation for appendicitis. For a year his life was despaired of, and every day of that year seeemd to age the comedian a year in itself. He had risen from every disappointment and postponement with indomitable courage so far, but now the old fire refused to leap up again. He spoke frequently to his friends of the depression that engulfed him, and his realization of old age stealing upon him by strides, reducing his body as it reduced his ability. He felt that he would never be the *Coq* in *Chantecler*, and that it was useless to fight further. His friends laughed his doubts aside, and made every effort to cheer him, but it was harder to bear disappointment than it had been a few years previously.

However, in 1908 he again took up work on the play, and the principals were engaged for the different parts. By September all were letter perfect. The costumes were progressing satisfactorily, in spite of their intricacies. The advance notices caused a furore of speculation in the theatrical world. Coquelin worked like a slave; no one could make him rest. His enthusiasm kindled in the heart of every member of the company sparks that as the rehearsals progressed burst into a clear flame. They felt with Coquelin the glory of carrying a new word, a splendid call of gay courage to the world, and the beginning of 1909 was greeted by everyone in the play as the dawn of Coquelin's dear dream. Rostand arrived in Paris to superintend the rehearsals personally. Everything went well.

But the strain was too much. The incredible amount of work the old comedian had done during the year, combined with the miserable wintry weather, brought on an attack of la grippe, and physicians ordered him to leave Paris and go to Point aux Dames for a complete rest and change of climate. When to come back? That, one did not know.

Ah, for the *Coq* that valiantly called *la belle Aurore!* Coquelin could fight no longer. Another now must call the dawn.

One final effort he made before the end, writing to appoint a meeting with Rostand on the twenty-eighth of January. That appointment was kept with death instead of with the playwright, and the dream was done.

For a time Rostand was shattered in body and spirit by the death of his friend. For three months he had not the courage to defy the fate that had repelled him so continuously for seven years. Finally, however, Lucien Gentry was chosen as Coquelin's successor, and after twenty-one delays, small and great, and one hundred and twenty-seven rehearsals, *Chantecler* was given to the public.

The rest everyone knows,—the furore that greeted it, the triumph that it won. America is soon to see it, with Miss Maude Adams in the part of the *Coq*, and those who are wise predict for it no less a success than it met in Paris. It has won yet greater fame for Rostand, for it is the work of a true poet, masterly and wonderful.

And Coquelin? Ah, Coquelin sleeps!

A COMMERCIAL CONTRETEMPS

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

This is the first of a series of six stories dealing with the business adventures of a woman commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

WHEN Mary D. Norton opened the door of the Royal Hotel dining room at Verny and, after entering, calmly turned to close it everyone looked up. For several seconds she drew the eyes of all the diners, but before she had seated herself veal cutlets or raspberry pie were more absorbing to all save a table of farmers, and one other, who sat alone at a small table some distance from the door.

The guests—with the exception of these farmers—were commercial men, and to them Mary D. (as she was commonly called, and which she never resented) was taken as a matter of course, much like late trains, carload orders, or expostulatory (and worse) letters from the manager.

For she was a commercial man herself.

Mary D. was no ordinary woman. From her selected business to her dress and walk, she carried so much of the remarkable, that she had become accustomed to the gaze of every stranger, and the more than ordinary attention she attracted in the Royal did not discompose her for an instant.

Indifferent, she did not notice the one pair of eyes belonging to no local stranger, that followed her as she stalked between the tables looking for an empty chair. These eyes were no more to her than the six pair from the other corner, until she had placed her hand on a chair next to that occupied by their owner. Then a slight tinge crept up her cheeks, and her hand faltered on the chair, as if she would gladly have had more preparation for the meeting. But the evidences of feeling were so slight that they escaped notice. Then seating herself as nonchalantly as she had walked in, she turned to the eyes, and, as she unfolded her napkin, smiled as a casual acquaintance and said, "Well, Marly!" And without awaiting an answer she reached out and arranged her knives and forks and adjusted her plate.

MARY D. WAS NO ORDINARY WOMAN

"How are you, Mary?" answered the owner of the eyes, as he resumed pouring his tea, a process which her entrance interrupted. "When did you get in?"

"On the 5.30. Hour late. Wanted to catch the International but have to wait here until midnight now, I suppose."

It was scarcely the opening conversation of a man and wife who had not seen each other for three months. And yet Mary D. Norton was the wife of the man at her side.

Mary D. had a history, and it was partially this history that made her the hard, business-like woman the travelling fraternity knew so well and treated without distinction of sex.

Every jeweller in Western Ontario knew Mary D., and there were very few who had not bought from her, and would not do so again. Yet they criticized her goods exactly as they did those of any other jewellery traveller, and found just as much reason. They did not buy because she was a woman, but because she was a salesman first and last. After she had made a sale and left, many a chivalrous jeweller suddenly bethought himself that he had been dealing with a woman. But the thought came only after she had left. Even her husband never considered her sex in their business meetings, which were not infrequent. For he, too, represented a jewellery house.

The relationship of Mary D. and "Marly" (a contraction of Marlborough with which his parents had saddled him, in the fond hope that some day he would be as big as his name) was no secret. But most of the jewellers had forgotten it in the six years of business rivalry between the two salesmen.

One never connected sentiment with Mary D. and few would suspect any woman of falling hopelessly in love with Marly, the little, earnest indefatigable man, whose zeal made up in his sales what his general ability would have failed to bring.

Six years before this quiet dining-room conversation the Norton household had been broken up after a four year test of Marlborough's proficiency, or rather deficiency, in managing a wholesale jewellery establishment. At the beginning of that four years he had been left a rather profitable business by his father, who had built up a three-story warehouse from a grip, so to speak. And Marly had immediately offered his hand to a young woman whose life work had been the care of an invalid mother. On the death of her mother Mary Boscombe was thrown on the world with no scope for the use of her life training. Marlborough Norton had supplied the scope first, and the appeal was not long without its answer.

Four years of mismanagement on Marly's part had taught Mary that her care of him would not keep his business alive—was in fact having an enervating effect upon a man who could not lean on another without throwing his whole weight. A settled indifference had sprung up in her relations with him.

Conditions kept growing worse until the business ceased to bring returns, and Mary perceived that while each might take his or her part in the world's fight, separately, they could not make anything of a joint household. She had learned enough of the jewellery business to know more about it than anything else, and he could not unlearn what he knew. So he sold out his three-story warehouse, secured a position as travelling salesman for another house, and after two months of fair success in a business where he had not the cares of management, had his first sensation of striving to outsell his wife as salesman for a new precious-stones firm that had started up in Montreal with spectacular advertising and his wife as one of its spectacular methods of selling diamonds and pearls.

Marly's position was with the conservative old firm of Main & Co., the head of which recognized in their new traveller a fine jewel education, honesty and enthusiasm. Of course such an old established jewel house could find no use for the more brilliant and sensational ability of a woman. But Flank & Miers, a new firm of Jewish principals were quick to appreciate the advertisement of a female drummer, and, although characteristically showing reluctance, were really delighted with the opportunity of placing their wares

before the jewellers through an unusual medium, which possessed at the same time genuine cleverness and a knowledge of stones.

The first meeting in a jewellery establishment had been one of the sorest spots in Marly's life, for he had retired in confusion utterly unable to remember even the prices of the stones, and Mary had been left in possession of the field.

When next he met her, he had the satisfaction of turning the tables. Poor Mary could not follow him into the intricacies of diamond cutting, ruby tests and guesses at weights, and had gone back to her house to spend six months in an earnest study of all the details which few jewellers ever learn, but which they are always eager to hear.

SHE UNFOLDED HER NAPKIN, AND SAID, "WELL, MARLY!"

The fight between the two salesmen had continued ever since with varying success. Mary had taken to the work, and had trained her womanliness to a manly trade. She wore black velvet waists because they did not crumple or show dust. She had cut her hair off, because she missed too many trains in her morning dressing. Now her hair was short and curly below her ready-to-wear hat. Thick-soled shoes, short skirts, with a pencil pocket in the front, were, of course, necessities and to all appearances, one could imagine her fretting under the restraint of petticoats about her ankles at all.

When Mary D. walked into the dining room she was feeling some annoyance at missing the International, for she was on her way to Senegal, an American city just across the river, where she was commissioned to attend to some important business for her firm; and the delay meant six hours to her.

She did not have much to say even to her husband, and as she moved her heavily jewelled hands in the motions of eating Marly had time to note that to her usual stones she had added a black pearl surrounded by diamonds and a ring made up of a star sapphire flanked on each side by a diamond and blue sapphire. She had always worn rings worth about $3,000, since she engaged with Flank & Miers. This was merely one of their methods of advertising and Mary D. had found the rings better than a full cigar case.

As the rival jewellery salesmen sat saying little, but not in the least embarrassed, the conversation of two travellers at an adjoining table was clearly audible.

"Quarantine is raised on Torqual tomorrow, they say," a fat drygoodsman was saying to a hardware traveller, who handled his knife and fork as if they were a part of his cutlery samples.

"Is that so? Must get in there right away. Bray of Haddon Bros. is back at Canton, I hear, and I must beat him in. It'll be a cinch for the first traveller. Let's see, it must be about three months since the quarantine started, ain't it?"

Torqual, the Canadian border town only eighteen miles from Verny, had been through a long siege of small-pox, started by a lumberman from an up north camp in Michigan, who had settled down in that unfortunate town to

get rid of the couple of hundred dollars and case of small-pox with which he had left the bush. A score of other cases had broken out, and just when the six weeks was almost up, a fresh batch had cropped up in a river section of the city, and the quarantine had been closed down again. Trains went through guarded by quarantine officers at first to prevent passengers alighting. This guard had been taken off, however, as the quarantine became so well known, and no one was eager to run the risk of even alighting on the platform.

Of course merchants had been unable to inspect travellers' samples, and yet a little business had naturally kept up. The result was that stocks were very low and the first salesmen in would book a whole season's orders within a few hours. The travellers all knew this and were working the surrounding districts ready to get in the minute quarantine was raised.

Under his eyebrows Marly noticed that Mary D. had heard the conversation although he did not know that she had first noticed that he had heard it.

Marly did not object to Mary D. getting a good share of the business, as long as it did not interfere with his, but this chance for a scoop on the Christmas buying of Torqual was too good a thing to let any other traveller share. He had been working around the district for the same reason as the other travellers, but thought the quarantine was not raised for another week, and he knew that was the general impression. But on going back over the duration of the closed doors of Torqual he worked it out that to-morrow was the day, and he had been in danger of missing the big run of business by a week's margin.

He knew he would have but little opposition to-morrow in Torqual except from Mary D.; for he was sure she would be on hand. He must devise some means of getting ahead of her or he would have to be satisfied with only half the business at the most.

He started to talk of the best hotel in Senegal for her to stop at, in order to make her think he had not heard the conversation. Mary talked quietly with him about everything but the subject uppermost in their minds at the moment, and Marly lingered over his dessert until his wife had finished her meal.

It was after seven when they rose from the table and it was still over four hours until the International left for Senegal, across the border. He seemed to prefer his wife's company most unusually that night, and the intervening time was spent together on the streets of Verny and on the little porch of the hotel.

Marly had no idea Mary D. would continue her journey to Senegal and miss some hours' business in Torqual. At the best she could not return from Senegal to Torqual before 2.30 on the morrow, and the train he would take would land him in Torqual within a few minutes of noon.

When therefore, at eleven o'clock Mary D. announced that she would have to go to the station to catch her train, he believed it a ruse, and offered to accompany her. She did not demur, for she was forced to follow the programme already laid down, on account of the nature of the business. Her one hope was that the train she knew Marly would take on the morrow might be late, enabling her to reach Torqual very soon after him.

She made no sign of her disappointment but bought her ticket, and waving her hand to Marly on the platform, climbed aboard the International, leaving him delighted but uneasy.

The next morning he finished his work early and was at the station an hour before the train was to arrive. To deceive the other travellers and to give the ticket agent no reason to divulge the fact of the raised quarantine—a week earlier than the other travellers suspected—he bought his ticket through to Senegal.

For an hour he strode up and down the platform, and then just a few minutes before the train was due, the agent came out of his little room and chalked up on the blackboard under "Going West" the figures "1.10".

"Damn you," yelled Marly, "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what it says," grunted the agent, in as much surprise as his nature would allow him to show. "Slight accident down the road; train two hours late."

Marly was furious. Two hours late! That would just put him in Torqual about forty-five minutes ahead of the train he knew Mary D. would return on.

He thought of driving but he knew he would gain nothing by that. There was nothing for it but to pray that the train was no later than billed, and to work out some scheme to make up his lost time in some other way.

He walked back to the hotel, sat down in the office, got up and strayed up to the hill overlooking the town, his brain working so fast that he spoke to none of his fellow salesmen as he passed them on the street.

As he sat on a big stone with his knee in his hands, seeing nothing but just thinking he pictured his meal of the night before, his wife, her cleverness in selling, why she was so successful, the methods of her house, the fine rings she wore.

A thought flashed through his mind. He jumped from the stone, raced down to the station, shoved his head in the wicket, and demanded if there was any further word of the train.

"Due at 1.10," said the clerk. "She'll be here all right by that time."

Marly hauled out a time table. It took twenty-eight minutes to run to Torqual. That would leave him fifty-two minutes before the train from Senegal would arrive. He would need every minute of it. If the train was no later—well, he had a chance. And he surprised the agent by chuckling out loud as he put the time table back in his pocket.

At 1.12 the train drew in. Marly took a seat with an elderly woman, so that no one could talk to him. His sample grip he held on his knee all the way.

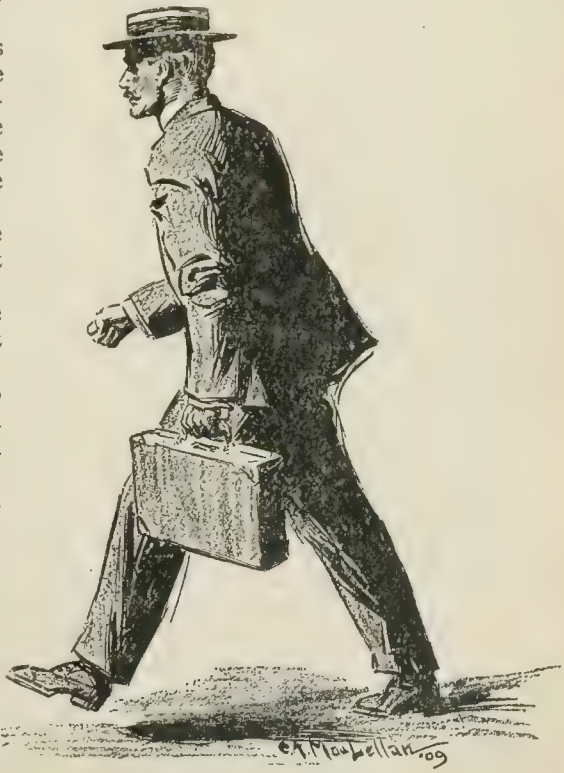
As the train neared Torqual he arose and walked to the back door of the car as though going outside for a smoke.

When the train drew up a moment on the platform to deposit its mail bags, and to receive orders, Marly leaped off on the town side and raced up the street, everybody stopping to look at him. Strangers had become a novelty to the lonesome Torqualians, and Marly was a most welcome break to three months of monotony.

Once a policeman lazily attempted to stop him, but seeing the little sample case, thought him only a health officer of some kind and made no further effort.

Straight to the postoffice ran Marly, and up the stairs to a room on the door of which gleamed "Customs Office". Pushing the door open without knocking, he found himself looking at a chubby little man lying back on an easy chair before an open window.

"Well, say! What's this? How'd you get here?" gasped the little man



MARLY LEAPED OFF ON THE TOWN SIDE, AND RACED UP THE STREET

with the cap that told of his office.

Marly paid no attention to his questions or surprise. "You the custom officer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the chubby man, suddenly coming back to the dignity of his position.

"Well, say! there's a woman coming in on the 2.30 train from Senegal, and I have every reason to believe she is smuggling jewellery into Canada. I heard her talking to a pal last week in Verny, and although I'm not sure, I believe she is trying to do the customs. You'll know her by her black velvet waist and check skirt. She wears a black pearl ring surrounded by diamonds and another ring with a white sapphire in the centre."

"What?" exclaimed the officer, jumping to his feet in excitement and pulling out his watch. "I guess not. I guess not. She don't work that at the port of Torqual. Not if I know it. But say, what's your name?"

But Marly had gone. He wanted to do all the business he could before the 2.30 train, for his plans might miscarry.

As he reached the street he ran into the policeman who before had tried to stop him.

"Say, governor," puffed the policeman, as he grabbed Marly's arm. "What's the special fuss now? Where'd you come from?"

"Let go!" shouted Marly. "I'm in a hurry."

"I don't care how big a hurry you're in. We aren't used to excitement here. Kind of got out of the way of it since we had nobody but ourselves to look at. Who are you? A health officer?"

"Health officer be damned!" answered Marly trying to draw away.

"Well, what are you?"

"Jewellery traveller. There, let me go now," and Marly reached for his watch.

"Say," drawled the officer, "you have all the time there is; there's no hurry for your watch. You've got two weeks to study it in."

"Two weeks? What do you mean?" asked Marly, a sickening feeling of calamity coming over him.

"Well this is the 16th," grinned the officer, "and quarantine isn't raised here until the 27th. Hope you like reading. Everybody has read every book in town, so you can have them all to yourself. Hope you're a good singer, or something. They've run out of entertainment up at the King Edward, and they'll be glad to see you. But how in thunder did they let you off at the station? Quarantine was to be raised next week, but an order came to-day to continue it for a week longer until everything was perfectly safe. Say, old boy, don't look so glum about it."

For Marly had sat down on the steps, and leaned his head against the side of the door.

"Sorry you take it like that," said the good natured policeman. "Wish I could let you leave town, but I can't, you know. You'll find it pretty comfortable at the King Edward, though.

That night, as Marly sat in the hotel office calling himself names, and wondering where Mary D. was, a cap with gold letters was stuck into the door, and the chubby little customs officer followed it. He walked over to Marly and drawing out a letter put it in his hand.

"Guess you were wrong about the woman, Mister. She proved to Tom, who does the examining now that I am quarantined here, that her jewellery was bought over here, and that she hadn't smuggled stuff on her. She gave me this letter for you. Seemed to know you somehow. What in the world did you run into quarantine for?"

And Marly read:

"My dear Marly:

Thanks awfully, dear boy. You're a good old soul. Your information to the customs officer just saved me running into a two weeks' quarantine. I'm sorry you got into such a stretch of it.

"For variety I would recommend the dictionary, although perhaps the Bible would be the greatest change for you.

"Tell Vance I'll have a brand new line of samples to show him two weeks from to-day. I'll be glad to see you then too. But don't fret too much—I won't do all the business before then. Shall I bring the rest of your samples in with me?

Your grateful Mary D."

With a groan, Marly laid down the letter, and rising heavily, turned his steps to the bar.

Dickie

By Floy Campbell

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

"HELLO, Mr. Blatchfield; I've been hoping you'd get in to-day."

It was a cordial American voice that detached itself from the Babel of many tongues in the crowded waiting room of the Gare d'Orléans. To me, just escaped from a Bordeaux train after a fortnight of steamships and railway coaches, of strange tongues and faces, there was a keen pleasure in the sound.

"Jack Adams!" I cried. "Now, it's really thoughtful of you to take all this trouble for me."

The young fellow shook my hand with generous warmth.

"Thoughtful?" he said. "Well, it's thought for myself then, sir. You're the first man straight from home I've seen for months. I'd naturally get my grip on you as quick as I could; and you may be sure I'm not going to loosen it very soon, either. I've reserved a table at one of my pet restaurants, and you're going over with me to déjeuner, while I absorb the latest news from little old New York. Gad, but you look good to me!"

We pressed through the throngs of the Gare, and passed out on the Quays, talking at the headlong speed that marks friends newly met in a foreign land; clipping each other's sentences with fresh questions, bursting out with some newly suggested anecdote, laughing over nothings, interchanging gossip about old comrades of America, and new acquaintances of Paris, interlarded with enthusiastic description of the special work Adams was doing in the great medical schools of the Sorbonne.

The restaurant, which was but a short walk from the Quay d'Orsay, proved a typical student resort of the Rive Gauche. It was thronged with men from the Beaux Arts, and from the Julien Atelier in the Rue du Dragon and as I glanced about at their violently picturesque attire, I asked suddenly,

"By the by, speaking of old friends, have you heard anything of Dickie lately?"

"More than that, I've seen him," Adams replied, as we settled ourselves at one of the tables on the sidewalk.

"Seen him? He is in Paris, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Been here ever since he had that break with his London friends."

"You will have to enlighten me," I said. "I don't know the 'London Friends' chapter. The last bit of Dickie's serial I heard was the New York episode two years ago. His father disowned him, turned him out

of the house without a penny, which was his regular habit, you know—happened at least once a year since Dick was sixteen. This time the boy came to Manhattan, without any capital but his face, took a studio in Carnegie hall, furnished it like a dream in the Arabian Nights, and started in to paint impressionistic landscapes and give studio teas. The landscapes didn't go, but the teas did. They were the most popular events of the season during the six months Dickie's town career lasted. But even he couldn't live forever on his good looks and his eloquent tongue; and when the tradesmen began to be pressing, and the usual forgiveness and check failed to arrive from home, he departed suddenly for Canada, leaving a wake of bills that was a revelation even to his oldest friends."

"That's great," said Adams, with the reluctant, but half envious admiration a man of steady honesty often feels for a brilliant bit of successful rascality, "but the chapter that followed, which I have pieced out from Dickie's own narrative and from various other sources, is still better. There was an old lady on that Canada train, who took his eye, and he elected himself her cavalier. You know how he can fascinate women, regardless of age? He had the old lady fairly locoed before they reached Quebec, where she was to visit relatives. She asked Dick to call, and since she had money, and a handle to her name, he made such good use of the permission, that what with adroit flattery, and the gift of a sketch or two, and the clever use of that eloquent tongue you speak of, he convinced her that he was a persecuted and misjudged child of genius, who would develop into the greatest artist of his generation, with a little sympathetic assistance. She begged him to return to London with her as her ward; for this, she said, was her one chance to win immortality—by linking her name to his as the patron who had given him his chance to make good; and finally, after much persuasion, she wrung from him a reluctant consent."

"Oh, very reluctant!" I said, "I can see the whole comedy. And he would play it so well, so earnestly, he would almost come to believe it himself!"

"He made her believe it, all right," Adams rejoined; "She used all her big influence for him—set him up in a London studio, and introduced him to her crowd of æsthetic friends. He saw that his freakishness was a drawing card with them, so he exaggerated it to the limit. He worked only under 'the spell of inspiration,' and let his unbridled fancy run riot in talk until his brilliant whimsicalities were quoted all over London, and the studio-haunters began almost to make a cult of him. He always dressed in a "color harmony' and they say that if he entered a room in which were warring hues, he would cover his eyes with his hands, and stagger from the place, while the fair lion-hunters murmured in awful joy, you know, over this wonderful display of artistic sensibility."

"Oh, come, that's too strong," I protested, laughing.

"Well, I'm only repeating what his fellow-students swear to as a fact," Adams declared. "Of course the whole thing ended as Dick's chapters always do; when he thought he was secure in his following, he began the old trick of charging purchases on the accounts of the men—or more likely, the women—who he knew paid their bills without totting up the items. Once or twice he made mistakes in the qualities of his friends. Then there were awkward explanations; but Dick always managed to satisfy the complainants somehow—to buy immunity with a sketch, or to make people think it was all a mistake. He persisted in charging things to Grandma, though, with her consent, at first. But as the imposition increased, she protested mildly, forbade the practice, and finally, when a monstrous bill came to her for one of his midnight suppers, after he was earning a good income from the orders she had secured for him, she was roused. There was a scene in Dickie's studio, short but decisive; and the next day he shook the dust of London from his feet, indignantly removing forever from the old lady her one hope of vicarious immortality."

"Unmitigated ass! And how's he living here?"

"MY REGULAR PRICE," HE ADDED CALMLY, "IS EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS"

"Mostly on his perpetually self-renewing credit. I fancy he gets a little money from his mother now and then, but it must be precious little, for he's head over heels in debt, as usual. As usual, too, he's in love—that is, he was, last week—and La Belle Annette's no cheap bijou. He's in a tight place."

"I can't help feeling sorry for him," I said reflectively. "There's something like genius runs strand for strand with the folly of his makeup, and I keep hoping the genius will prove the stronger—the folly, perhaps, run out. From past events, of course, one would argue that there isn't anything he would stop at, short of actually putting his hand in a man's pocket—and, by the Lord, I think the only thing that keeps him from that is his hatred of personal contact with what he calls 'the herd'—and yet even now I've a keen desire to give him one more chance. Suppose I talk with him, and see if there's anything in him worth while? Where is he likely to be found?"

"It's a little past his usual time for déjeuner," replied Adams, looking at his watch, "but he patronizes this restaurant. You see, they give him a charge account—I've told them they shouldn't lose by it—well, you can't see

"LA BELLE ANNETTE IS PROBABLY LYING IN WAIT FOR ME AT THE CORNER"

a man starve, you know. He dines inside nowadays, though—less conspicuous. Shall I look and see if he is there?"

In a few moments he was back again, dragging in his wake a rather reluctant figure. I should have recognized him anywhere, for he still kept the fair curling hair, the alert, sensitive face, and the cherubic blue eyes of childhood; but an undefined sinister expression flashed and faded now and then in the narrowing eyes, and the expressive lips had a cruel curve. His whole mobile personality, too, had already taken on a touch of the Parisian, so that he resembled those tall, fair men of the Germanic type who abound in the northern provinces of France; a resemblance accentuated by his costume of red-brown velveteens, and his cloak, one of the all-enveloping capes of the "Boul' Mich'," lined with maroon. Upon his little finger was a signet ring of curious workmanship, and the after dinner pipe he had been smoking when Adams found him, was carved in the form of a skull. He held out his hand with the old gracious smile.

"Mighty good of you to hunt me up right away, sir," he said, "Adams tells me you want to talk impressionism with me. I didn't know you were interested."

"But I am, though I've no idea what to make of it. I'm intensely interested in impressionism—and the impressionistic." My hand sought the boy's shoulder. The candid eyes and the disarming smile were reasserting their power.

"Come along with me to the Luxembourg, then. We'll look at the two greatest impressionists of all time—mon Dieu! at the two greatest souls!" he cried, starting away with the boy's impulsiveness of action, the boy's swinging gait.

"As, following in his wake, we threaded the maze of narrow and irregular streets that leads southward to the palace, Adams explained that it was Dickie's custom to spend an hour each day in the galleries, immersed in contemplation, as a worshipper before his shrine, the masters of his present adoration being Manet and Rodin. When we entered the hall of sculpture,

ne was already standing in an attitude of rapt devotion before the latter's "Portrait d'une Femme."

"Look!" he cried as we came up to him, "there is the noblest piece of marble in all the world. Compare these inanimate creatures of mere flesh and blood who move about the hall with that living stone. They are as those dead, long dead : no, rather are they as the still-born. Flesh though they be, they have never lived as this woman has; their blood has never throbbed as hers; see the adorable irregularity of the face, the divine assymmetry, the lower lip a little fuller on the left side, the careless hair... Ah, thou beloved one of my heart, what creature of mere half alive flesh could be so altogether perfect as thou art!" he added, beginning to *tutoyer* the statue in impassioned French.

Adams was very unhappy. Few normal Americans can endure with equanimity such a burst of emotional oratory from a compatriot; and Dickie's eloquence was slightly marred, moreover, by a peculiar quality in his voice, which broke when he was excited, rising unexpectedly to the falsetto, like that of an adolescent. We hurriedly retreated with our worshipper of the arts into the smaller side gallery of the impressionist painters, where his transports would have fewer observers. There Dickie lectured us with equal enthusiasm on Manet's Olympia. She was the most masterly bit of flesh-painting since the days of Titian and Giorgione. She was the perfection of coloring, of brush handling, of arrangement. To Dr. Adams' mild suggestion that it would be an improvement if her eyesockets were a little less than an inch out of line, he opposed a scorn that was sublime. A soul so small that it could dwell on that one defect in the presence of this marvellous, this unapproachable work of the age!

After his hour of worship before these two altars, Dickie refused to "destroy the impression" by any further inspection of the gallery, so we all left. At the door we parted, Adams going toward the Sorbonne, and Dickie and I strolling through the gardens on our way to his studio in the Rue de l'Enfer. The boy's clear eyes, his face, fine and ingenuous save when the sinister look passed for a breath across it, his enthusiastic, though somewhat indiscriminate appreciation of the two noble works he had chosen for special study, had reawakened my old interest, and I wished to see more of this strange character, to learn how the chances stood now in that battle of power against degrading folly which was his life. I determined to order a portrait.

A gleam, almost triumphant, swept across his expressive face when I broached the subject, but was at once carefully replaced by a blasé look. He pulled out a small note-book marked "Engagements," which was quite blank, and consulted it carefully.

"Let me see—Monday—Tuesday—um—um—yes, Friday is my first free day. After that I can give you every morning until the portrait is done."

"And how long will that be?"

"Pray, how can I tell? Sargent does a portrait sometimes in five hours, sometimes only after months of labor. An artist cannot limit himself."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said meekly, "but—er—can an artist tell the value of his work beforehand?"

"The price, but not the value," Dickie corrected me. "My regular price," he added calmly, "is eight hundred dollars."

I bit my lips. I had not expected to pay so high for the privilege of proving Dickie's worth, and I was still inwardly debating the wisdom of carrying out my plan when we reached the Rue de l'Enfer.

This street merits its name. It is a short passage running diagonally from the Boulevard Montparnasse to the Boulevard Raspail. Its uneven sidewalk is faced by two low and unclean charcuterie shops, four cabarets, several blanchisseries, with open gates showing the sloppy courtyards, and the women singing shrilly above their steaming tubs, and a line of bill-boards whereon "affiches" reeking with vermilion blood set forth the attractions of certain cheap melodramas. In the midst of these squat old buildings number nine rises high, new, but badly built, and already as rickety as its ancient neigh-

bors. It is given over to the cheapest class of ateliers, and is popularly known among art students as "The Barracks." We turned in at its gate, the fat concierge eyeing us suspiciously from the spy window of her lodge as we crossed the flagged courtyard; and, entering the hall, beyond reach of her appraising eye, we mounted four flights of filthy stairs and traversed a narrow and ill-smelling passage. While Dickie, with a lighted match to guide him, struggled with the stubborn lock, my determination was taken. Such lodging could mean only the extreme of destitution, and the master's price he had asked for the portrait was his one hope of salvation. The order should stand.

It was a relief to get inside the room. The warm hangings and the beautiful rugs, reminiscences of the London episode; the rich splashes of color in the few paintings hung against the tinted walls, and the tiny stove, not much bigger than a thimble, but sending out a grateful warmth from the glowing "boulets" within—all these things made one forget the hideous street and the unclean halls, and even the warped doors and the thin partitions, through which we could hear our neighbor arguing with his model in picturesque French as to the proper pose. Dickie insisted on making me some coffee, being very proud of his skill in that respect; and over the cups we completed the arrangements for the portrait.

Thereafter I saw much of the lad. When I went in of a morning he was often crouched before his canvases, staring at them with absorption, every faculty intent, overmastering love and torment in his eyes—the love of the creator for his work, however faulty, the torment of his unsatisfied ideal. While he worked this absorption doubled. Sweat stood on his forehead; his eyes stared like a madman's; the muscles of his jaw grew rigid and prominent, and his cheeks bloodless. There was nothing of the reckless boy left in his aspect. Watching, I was not surprised that strangers who knew only this side of him should show such enduring faith in his capacity, such miraculous patience with his irregularities.

Many times he felt little inclined for work, and would greet me eagerly with the suggestion that he read aloud from some new book or magazine in which he had discovered a "glorious bit". Perhaps it was "De Profundis," where the ill-fated Oscar Wilde relates how one man stood for hours in the rain that he might lift his hat as the condemned and degraded poet was led past him to prison. "Men have gone to Heaven for less." Perhaps it was the "Garden of Proserpine," and I shall never forget his reading of the last verses;

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods there be,
> That no life lives forever;
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Oh the ache and the longing of it! I looked at him curiously. Was it really feeling in his thrilling voice? Could it be that this lad whom neither failure nor disgrace ever daunted, who seemed to have happily solved the problem of pacifying his conscience, by killing it—could it be that he too felt the weariness of life, the uselessness of striving, the longing for the soothing peace, the cradling of the ocean of death?

It was Dickie who introduced me to Baudelaire, whose "Fleures du Mal" he carried religiously for several weeks, and insisted on reading aloud to all his friends; Dickie who raved over Fiona McLeod, when that writer was still almost unknown; Dickie who expatiated on the virtues of Aubrey Beardsley's line work, until even I saw the value of these extraordinary illustrations. Dickie who pointed out that Manet and Rodin and Puvis de Chavannes were the only three contemporary artists worthy of the name—himself being the coming fourth.

He displayed every facet of his character as frankly as he exploited his literary and artistic tastes. He was an individualist, much imbued with the half digested opinions of Wilde and

DICKIE WAS AGAIN DECLAIMING IN RESPONSE TO AN ENCORE

Shaw and Ibsen, and to him the satisfaction of his own nature was the one end of life, and his "great moments" which he indubitably had, were the excuse and glorification of all wrong-doing. Wrong-doing, in the true sense of the word, did not, indeed, exist for him. He seemed to have no vestige of moral sense whatever, and an action, for him, was merely "ugly" or "beautiful," never right or wrong. He loved to "experiment with the life-stuff,"

as he called it; and being as free from the ordinary compunctions of humanity as a healthy animal, or a Greek god, such excursions into the debatable land seemed to leave him marvellously unscarred.

One morning shortly after his exposition of these his standards of action, Dickie was called from his painting by an imperious rap. Through the warped panels I could not avoid hearing every sound—a woman's voice, high and complaining, speaking too rapidly for my comprehension, in the argot of the dance halls; the man's guardedly low responses; then suddenly a burst of shrill invective, mingled with sobbing, from the woman; the man's evident effort to urge her toward the stairs, and his final brutal "Oh, damn!" as he retreated into the room, slamming the door and double-locking it. Left alone, the woman belabored the panels until doors began to open down the hall, and slangy protests were hurled at her by the disturbed occupants. Then she gave up the battle, and, still sobbing, retreated down the stairs.

Dickie leaned against the wall, ill at ease, his hands in his pockets, his head lowered, glancing at me from narrowed eyes. His face was that of a man old in dishonor, ill to trust.

"Always the way," he muttered at last, with a shrug. "She got my last sou weeks ago, but—"

He picked up the palette, and tried to paint, but presently threw down the brushes. "It's gone out of me," he said, impatiently. "I'm off to the Bois."

Mindful of his hint that he was destitute, I offered him a twenty franc piece, but he shook his head. "La Belle Annette is probably lying in wait for me at the corner," he explained drily, and she has X-ray eyes. A lie don't go with her, so I wouldn't have your gold more than five minutes."

I recounted the incident to Adams that night. "Yes," he said, "that's the case I told you about, you know. Dickie got tired of the woman in about two weeks, and has tried desperately to rid himself of her; but she heard somewhere that his father is a millionaire, and she is sticking like a burr, and adding her most ingenious persecutions to the boy's other miseries. And none of us can help him out there, either. What you give him for the portrait might end most of his other difficulties, if he just had some sense; but I'm expecting him to give a champagne supper, or do some other fool thing, though his bill at the restaurant has been three months running, and his 'louer' is so endlessly behind that the landlord is getting desperate, and has refused to let Dick move out, or even take a picture to the Salon, unless he pays up. You see, they know he's going to be able to pay, or they wouldn't be so hard on him. "But," he added in a more cheerful voice "I'll bet on Dickie's coming out on top anyway."

In spite of his financial stress, when the portrait was finished, and I offered him the check for the amount due, Dickie pushed it away with a shudder.

"Don't give me that," he said, "put it in the vase as you go out of the door. Then I can feel that I have not been vulgarized by receiving money for the work of my love—have not parted with a portion of my soul for mere bread."

I did as requested, and did it without a smile. To associate long with Dickie was to respect his attitude, and even his attitudinizing. He could beg, borrow, almost steal, with the unconscious impudence of a jackdaw; but when it came to a question of his work, he had the scruples of a parent who, under stress of poverty, sells his child into slavery, and the touch of money so obtained actually seemed to him a degradation. I feared, however, that, the money once in his possession, he would have small scruple about the spending; and I waited anxiously for his next move. Sure enough, within thirty-six hours of the time I dropped the check into the vase, Dickie sent around an invitation to a smoker. "Wear your biggest, your most voluminous, cloak," was the mysterious postscript to this peculiar invitation.

Adams and I went together. It was a polyglot gathering. Russian, Italian, Spanish, German, Scotch, English, Irish, and even Japanese, were there.

As for the cloaks worn in response to the postscript, they were amazing. They invariably reached as far as the knees of their wearers, and sometimes much farther. Pasquale, a short Spaniard who had borrowed his cape from a taller compatriot, really stood in need of a page to carry his train. As for the linings of these picturesque wraps, they ran the gamut of the rainbow, shades of crimson and maroon being the most popular.

The little studio was crowded to suffocation. Under the table stood a magnificent and varied array of bottles, and its top was covered with glasses. Three siphons of the largest size stood ready for the few who wished to dilute their potations. The mantel was laden with pipes of every description, even to a hookah and a Chinese opium pipe that showed signs of recent use. There were several boxes of cigars, and an unlimited supply of English and Turkish cigarettes, the most popular smoke among students of Dickie's class. In half an hour the air was blue and the tongues were loosened. Folk songs from every language of Europe, and arias from the greatest operas, followed each other in quick succession. Violins, flutes, and a banjo appeared from the dark corners. The plaintive sighing of the wind instrument, the violin's searching cry of tragedy and of longing unfulfilled, were followed by the patter of a plantation dance from the Kentuckian. Then a voice began, for comment, Kipling's "Song of the Banjo":

"With the folly and the feasting and the fun,
And the lying and the lusting and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you when you're done—"

(Yes, it was Dickie's voice, sharp with pain, full of pitiful yearning.)

"To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think—"

Adams and I stood a little apart from the crowd of revellers.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I might have known how it would be; but I had to give him the chance. Surely he feels the madness of it, too, even now. Listen to that voice":

Dickie was again declaiming, in response to an encore.

"I that was clean to run
My race against the sun,
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—"

"Humph! 'The Derelict'," I commented. "Do you think the boy's sane?"

"Oh—sane!" the Doctor laughed. "Define your terms, and maybe I can answer. He's certainly abnormal. A part of his sensibility—the response to line and color and beauty of sound—is over-developed. In every other respect his feelings are atrophied for lack of use, and he is the most callous creature I ever saw. Only yesterday he was in the dissecting room—how he gets free run of the place, I don't know—and what do you think he asked me to do? Get permission for him to buy one of the bodies, that he might bring it here, to his own room, and study anatomy at night! Selected the best one in the place, too—a young man about his own size, of the fair type so common about Lille. You can trust Dickie to pick out the best of everything, even corpses."

"Did you get him the body?" I asked, thinking it not impossible that the ghastly subject, half dissected, was at that moment hidden under the couch in the corner.

"By no means. He would never be allowed to keep it in an atelier. It's against the law. Besides, one of the professors took it for his own especial work that same night. But think of the character of the man who could even suggest such a performance! Good Lord! I'd not sleep in the same room with the corpse of my doppelganger, though I'm a physician, and have dissected 'em by dozens!"

Interrupting our low-toned conversation, there came a rap that stilled the riot about us. It was the concierge, angry and insolent. "The messieures were keeping the other lodgers awake, and it was far past midnight. There had been three complaints of the noise. It must stop. And she would suggest that a man might better pay his louer, instead of throwing his francs away in

wine and cigarettes for a lot of drunken rowdies."

The door slammed, and the bewildered, wrathful, half-tipsy youths, silenced for a moment, looked to Dickie for an explanation. He sprang upon the table, dominating the crowd, alert, alive, tingling to his finger-tips. His face was gay with laughter, his sunny hair was tossed in disordered curls from his forehead, his blue eyes danced. In spite of his six foot body, he looked a mere mischievous boy, out on a frolic.

"You see, fellows," he spoke in French, that all the motley crowd might understand, "they know that my friend here has lately paid me generously for this portrait," here he unveiled the painting with a sweeping gesture, theatrically effective. The students looked at it, at first in stupefied amazement; then cries of admiration and delight broke forth. There could be no doubt that, in many respects the picture was remarkable; there could be no doubt that in their present condition, the students were ready to swear it was the one work of the century, out-Manet-ing Manet himself. Dickie stilled the enthusiasm with an upraised hand.

"As I say, they know I've had the check. They do not know—nor did my patron until just now—that, hoping to treble the amount, and so wipe off the entire score against me, I've been playing the Petits Chevaux, and the whole sum was gathered in by the little rake. This wine, these cigars, were furnished gratis by a kind man who saw that check, that fair snow-flake, before it melted from my grasp forever. . . . And now, as you see, I can't wipe off any of the score—not a franc. You know what that means. You know that I will be turned out, and my furniture and pictures held until I pay—which will be—never! You know that this my generous patron will get the portrait, his property, only after much trouble, possibly after a law-suit—a French law-suit, men! An endless French lawsuit! You know that there will be no work of mine in the Champs de Mars, since to-morrow is the last day for entering pictures. Friends, I ask you to help me. It was for this I have said, 'Wear your largest cloak.' Take each of you some souvenir of this, our last revel in my studio; place it beneath your all-concealing cape—"

There was no need of farther words With a roar of delight the men threw themselves upon the contents of the room. Dickie was everywhere, directing, explaining.

"Here, DeWitt, take this easel. You're big enough to carry it easily. Ivan, will you have your native samovar and ikons, or this set of Jap prints? All right, we'll give the samovar to Okama, then. Fair exchange between nations. Hold on Mr. Blatchfield, that paint's wet; let me put the portrait in a canvas-carrier : now it's safe. Adams, you take the frame—careful, man; wrap it in the rug, so the corners won't be marred. Now, Pasquale *what* do you want of that poele? Oh, if you must have it—" for the short Spaniard had attempted to appropriate the little stove, and finding it still warm from the smouldering embers was sitting on the floor, tearfully nursing a scorched hand. Dickie quenched the coals with a dash of water, and wrapping his thin mattress about the absurd burden, gave it to Pasquale, who embraced it in maudlin consolation.

"No use hauling out that trunk, boys. It's broken; and besides, *Ma Tante* got all its contents weeks ago. Why not the rugs instead? Oh, a man can lie abed and read poetry while his one shirt's drying, but he's got to have something decent to rest his eyes when he looks up. Allan, you take the rest of the pictures down and pack them. Bumgard, here's a portfolio for you. Schwartz, lend us a hand with the curtains. Calliopolus, here are the Greek casts; wrap them in the bedding for safety. Cipriani, you might take the little Pompeian table."

After ten minutes of this hot work. Dickie looked about him like a triumphant general on the results of his coup d'etat. Only the broken sommier, with one corner propped on an old wooden box, and the gaping and empty trunk, and the big table, with its army of bottles and its squadron of glasses, re-

AND THERE WAS DICKIE, WHISTLING TO A BIRD IN A TREE

mained in sight, and the guests shrouded in their great cloaks, presented the appearance of perambulating Christmas stockings, well filled; so did they bulge at unexpected points with strange and knobby protuberances.

"Bare as the palm of your hand!" cried Dickie joyously. "Hi! what wouldn't I give to see that concierge's face when she opens the door to-morrow! Now, boys, a stirrup cup all round! One last stirrup cup and farewell!" and he drained the remaining bottles into the goblets.

The men raised the glasses high. "A Dick-ie-e-e!" they roared in a mighty chorus; and then with one impulse they flung the glasses in a shattered heap on the floor, and, with their bundles carefully shrouded in the folds of their voluminous cloaks, they poured from the room and down the rickety stairs. Fortunately, at this hour of the night—or rather of the morning—the lights were out in the court; and as the gate opened from the concierge's lodge by means of an electric button, we had the good fortune to escape unseen. Once in the street we gave one ecstatic whoop-hurray, and scattered from the Rue de l'Enfer, bearing Dickie's precious belongings to safety in our various lodgings. Our host ran after Adams and me with the final caution:

"Be sure you send that picture to the Salon to-morrow. Remember it's the last day for entries. Goodby! I'm going to spend the night with DeWitt."

"Where can we find you to-morrow, Dickie?"

"Who knows? Maybe Seine. They say one sleeps sound there, with never a creditor nor a cast-off mistress to break the peace," and he laughed, hastening after DeWitt, while we, shouting an invitation to try lodging with us rather than with the fishes, wheeled toward the Boulevard St. Michel.

We saw DeWitt the next day, and asked after Dickie. "He went away early this morning," growled the student, "before I was awake. Didn't leave a word except 'Good-by', scrawled right across a charcoal study I had nearly finished. Confound him!"

As the days went by, we extended our inquiries among all the roisterers of that night, but not one had seen Dickie since he stood in the middle of the dis-

mantled room, flushed, triumphant, dominating chaos and defeat, and drank that stirrup cup.

Two weeks passed in this ominous silence. Then one day Adams came in, pale and unsteady.

"Blatchfield," he said abruptly, "DeWitt tells me Dickie's body has been taken out of the Seine."

"Dickie? The Seine? My God, that's not a thing Dickie would ever do!"

"I hope you're right but we've got to go to the morgue and see—it—anyway," said Adams heavily. "See if we can identify it. I hope we can't —oh, I hope to God we can't! Poor, brilliant, worthless, endearing scamp —I loved him in spite of everything."

We went together to view the body. How could it be, we asked in horror, that it had lain so long in that well patrolled river? Two weeks in Seine-water may work hideous alterations. The flesh was scarred and torn and gnawed, bloated and black. The sunny curls were there, mockingly alive and bright. The innocent boy's eyes were gone, the sockets empty. On the shapeless little finger was the familiar signet ring, embedded in the swollen flesh past all possibility of removal. It was Dickie, beyond the shadow of a doubt. We took the poor flesh away, sealed it from sight in a leaden casket, and cabled to his parents. They came, the mother unreasonably mourning, as mothers will over the blackest sheep, the father outwardly decorous, inwardly relieved, for the cruellest curse, the heaviest care of his respectable, well-regulated life was removed. They rented a grave "in perpetuity" in Montmartre, and there they deposited the casket.

It happened that the funeral services fell on the opening day of the Salon. The papers I had bought that morning were in my pocket as I stood beside the open grave, and watched the casket lowered into the darkness. In the critiques of the Champs de Mars the portrait was always mentioned, and one or two journals that were in especial sympathy with the newer methods were enthusiastic, hinting of rare honors in store for this young artist, the coming genius of America . and here before me was all that remained of that lauded power, that splendor of youth, that enthusiasm for beauty. Oh the cruel, the cruel prodigality of nature! And, yet, to such a life, it was the only logical end, of course; the one fitting dramatic finale.

There was the trouble; it was too fitting, too logical! Never before had Dickie done the thing that was fitting or logical. I myself had identified the body, yet I could not make him dead. The river is fascinating at night, after all the little boats have stopped. Dark and still the water lies, with the lamp reflections like drops of molten gold fallen on the black surface. I could see Dickie leaning over it, his sweet blue eyes tearful as he worked out the idea of death in its depths, gloated over the sensation such a death would cause, read in fancy the staring headlines of the Cincinnati papers, dwelt on the feelings of the many who scoffed, of the father who despised him, of the mother who adored—but I could not see him take the plunge. Never Dickie. Part with warm life for the sake of a dramatic ideal? Not he. And he would feel the call to death and oblivion merely as a dramatic ideal—oh, I was sure of it! I could not shake off the feeling that just around the corner he must be lurking. I looked up from his very grave with the feeling that I should meet his eyes. When the last solemn words were said, and we turned toward the street, I felt that my vacant rooms would be insupportable, so I signalled a fiacre, and ordered myself driven to the Bois. In the deserted tangle of paths at the southern part I dismissed the cab, and wandered miserably through the woods, that were so mockingly fresh with the golden green of young leaves, and the perfume of the springing grass. The birds shouted through the trees, mad with the joy of life; the pollen of the blossoming trees was shaken out in a cloud of scented gold-dust through the sunny air; but my eyes saw the black hole and the sealed leaden casket, my ears heard the echoing words of that last awful service.

I rounded the end of a hedge, and there, stretched on the grass, his arms flung carelessly above his head, was Dickie, whistling to a bird in the tree above him. He leapt to his feet when he saw me, ready for flight, but I was upon him, and had gripped his arm. It was solid, firm flesh and bone.

"How—how—how the devil did you get out of that coffin?" I stammered.

He threw back his head and laughed until the woods rang.

"Oh, that was a neat deal, wasn't it?" he finally gasped, with evident pride, "you surely buried me in good style. I went to Montmartre to see the interment, and I must say I appreciate the way you handled my remains."

I merely gaped, uncomprehending, overcome with the wonder, almost the horror of seeing him so, the blue of his eyes, the gold of his hair, the red of his cheeks freshened as if by some rejuvenating bath—and to think of that festering thing, green and swollen, that we had sealed in the leaden casket.

"Don't you see how I worked it?" he cried, impatiently. "Why, one of the professors at the Sorbonne got me the body Adams refused to ask for. They told me I couldn't study it in my studio, so I took it to a little deserted shack up the Seine, which I'd rented as a refuge from my creditors and Annette. The morning I left DeWitt's, I went out there to think. It was the one place I had to go to, you know, and that body was the one piece of property I owned in the world. So I sat down on a box, face to face with it, and took stock of the last few days, and wondered what the next move in the game would be. Then of a sudden it struck me, the likeness between that dead French boy and myself, and I saw my way. I set about destroying the few differences between the body and my own, and when at last I slid it into the water just outside the walls, I myself hardly knew in which flesh dwelt the soul that had been mine. The thing worked like a charm, for what I had begun the fishes finished in the few days before the body was raked up. Hi, but I'm clever!" he added, frankly.

Clever enough, indeed; damnably clever. I shrank away from him with a sudden physical loathing, and the paper in my hand rattled against my knee, recalling to my mind its estimate of the lad before me.

"Have you seen to-day's 'Journal'?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he grinned. "They're giving me a good sendoff, now I'm dead. Nice of them, eh? Pity it comes too late!"

The old, disarming, wistful face and voice! Impulsively I put my hand on his shoulder. "Dickie," I said, pleadingly, "it isn't too late. Come back. Say you've just been on a trip, and we've made a mistake. It's simple enough, easy enough. Come back with me; think of your mother, your father."

"THEY'RE GIVING ME A GOOD SEND-OFF NOW I'M DEAD," HE GRINNED. "PITY IT COMES TOO LATE"

It was the wrong touch, I saw at once. Dickie's face hardened.

"Bah!" he sneered, "you know the governor was delighted to see the last of me. He couldn't keep the content out of his face, and look decently mournful, even at my grave. As for the mother—well, I suppose it is hard there, but it's the last wound, anyhow, and a clean knife-thrust, that'll heal quicker than the daily crown of thorns I've given her to wear these last years."

"Make it up to them, then," I said. "There's nothing in the past you can't retrieve. Look at these critiques. Boy, boy, it's the chance of your life. It's the open door to success and fame and honor. Come back, come back with me!"

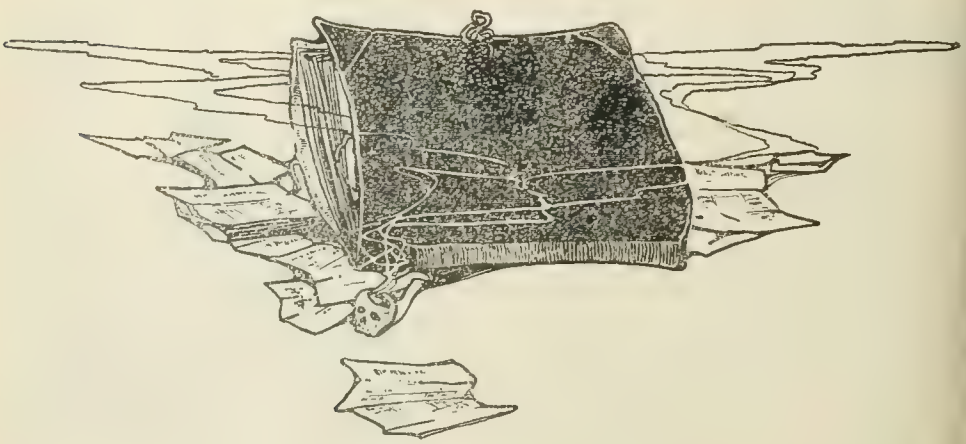
"Man, man," he mocked me, "what do I want with a chance? Haven't I had 'em by scores? Open doors—they've widened for me at every turn, and when have I gone through one? And if I come back as you say—I, the old self, with the old devil in my blood—the old comrades,—Annette, too, and all my debts. . . . Ah, God," he cried, suddenly, sharply, "Don't you see, can't you understand this thing I've done? Ah, the fascination of it, to shake off the past, ring down the curtain on the farce, slough off all the blunders and the sins, and start afresh! Oh, the delight, the delight of washing my soul in this water of death, yet living! Of beginning anew, with a clean life, a clean soul—"

"A clean soul, Dickie? A clean life?"

"You don't see," he said, slowly. Then, with increasing impetuosity, "eh, but the thing's done. I'm free of it all, the past and its failures and its clinging hands. I put my very self on that dead boy's body—the self I've fought with and fled from all my life. God or the Devil, what do I care which I find, if I've lost myself? Fame! Success! Do you think such paltry toys can lure me back from the freedom of the grave? Leave me alone. You swore to my death. Never forswear yourself, man. Leave me alone."

Oh, the old, old human cry, the cry of youth! The hopeless escape, through a passage that rounds again to the same dungeon of inescapable personality! And yet—and yet—that clean, young, splendid face!—perhaps—perhaps—

My grip fell loose upon his shoulder, and he leapt back with a sudden gesture strange and free, the movement of a wild thing shaking off an ensnaring net; and, crashing through the bushes beside the path, he disappeared among the burgeoning trees.



FORTY INCHES FROM TIP TO TAIL, WITH A TWENTY-INCH WAIST MEASURE

LANDING A BIG ONE

BY O. B. CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"THERE are Big Ones here too—Jim Friday says so!"

This was The Kid, cheerfully absorbing his fifth plate of flapjacks, and rolling a scornful eye on his elders, after the manner of youth.

"Ah?" said somebody lazily from the hammock. "So there are young moose—if you can tell 'em from Durham bossy calves. Suppose you show us one, Kid, just to make certain."

Now this was an unfair reference to a natural little mistake of The Kid's when he was several years younger, and The Kid flushed a thin clear scarlet to the roots of his hair.

CHEERFULLY ABSORBING A FIFTH PLATE OF FLAPJACKS

"Forget it!" said he. "If my history was as ancient as yours, I'd be talking in cuneiform inscriptions. I'll bet you my new box of Silver Doctors there's a whacking Big One in that deep channel just back of camp—I saw something turn over there the other day that looked as big and white as mother's Christmas tablecloth—Look

THE CANOES LAY UP ON THE BANK MOST OF THE TIME—BASS-FISHING WAS TOO EASY TO BE INTERESTING

here! I'll paddle anybody that wants to take a crack at him after dinner. What say, Dad?"

Now we had been in camp for several weeks amid the pines of Lake Temagami, and had loafed, fished and paddled to our hearts' content. There was not an island, bay or inlet for five miles' range that we had not explored; and as for fishing, it was so easy and fish so plentiful that we were fairly getting tired of it. Black bass, pickerel and pike could be taken anywhere for the trouble of casting a line, and as it was against the laws of the camp to kill more than we could eat, or to fish in any other way than by trolling with rod, reel or spoon, our Izaak Waltoning was limited to an hour or two a day.

Still nobody had succeeded in even hooking a genuine Big One. Bass and pickerel were too tame to be fun, and even lake trout of six or eight pounds weren't especially interesting. But tales had been told of monster trout inhabiting sheltered crannies, and there were records of some huge fish—if fishermen are to be believed under oath. I had experimented in some likely looking holes without avail, and had almost come to regard those Big Ones as mythical creatures to be classed with the griffin. But the Kid's description tickled my fancy. Besides, "Jim Friday said so," and what the Fridays don't know about Temagami isn't worth lying awake nights to find out. I would have one more try.

So presently The Kid slid our light "Peterborough" into the water, dropped a hundred and fifty yards of hard copper wire line, a light five-foot steel rod, a couple of large trolling spoons and a handful of heavy sinkers on the bottom, adjusted the back rests, and we dipped lightly around the end of the island to the deep channel where his "white tablecloth" had turned over and vanished.

I dropped the spoon overboard, reeled out some fifty yards of line, lighted my pipe, and settled back for a lazy afternoon. Rhythmically, sleepily The Kid's paddle dipped, recovered with a soft hiss of falling drops, and gurgled again. Softly the water talked under the bow as we slipped along, warm the sun shone. I was almost asleep when—

"Whizz-z! whirr-rr-rr! whirr-r-r-rr!" went the reel in sharp crescendo, making a racket which in that stillness sounded like a runaway motor-cycle. I jumped a foot, and elicited a sharp exclamation from The Kid.

"Holy sailor, Dad! what you doing? 'J hook bottom?"

"Bottom nothing!" I yelled. "This is a shark—a whale—the biggest fish in Temagami, and he's pulling like an airship! For Heaven's sake back water, Kid, or he'll have us out of the boat!"

The Kid's eyes nearly popped out of his head, and he backed water furiously—none too soon, for the reserve line on the reel was getting down to the last few strands, and the rod was almost bent double from the strain.

"He's headed straight for the North Pole. Paddle, Kid—get a move on—for Heaven's sake stop him."

With muscles taut, nerves a-tingle, and rod almost breaking, the fight begins. That first dash seems endless, but the effort is too great, and the Big One is forced to slow down. Slowly he sinks to the bottom to recover his wind, contenting himself with angry sways and jerks at this evil thing that clutches him. I lean back and gasp two or three times.

"What a whacker!" mur-

WE SLID OUR LIGHT CANOE INTO THE WATER

THERE WAS NOT AN ISLAND, BAY OR INLET FOR FIVE MILES' RANGE THAT WE HAD NOT EXPLORED

murs The Kid, peering after the twitching line. "We got the grandfather that time, I guess."

"Let's time him," I suggest. "It's going to be a long fight, judging by the first round."

"Four-thirty," announces The Kid, laying his Ingersoll down on the bottom of the canoe, and balancing his paddle waiting the next move. My reel is almost empty, and I industriously take in all the slack I can get while Leviathan weaves irregularly at the other end of the line. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the dripping thread comes slowly down through the guides and as slowly distributes itself on the spool. Two feet, four feet, ten feet are recovered, with a breaking-point strain on the tough steel rod, and the line singing like piano-wire. Every inch is sullenly disputed by Leviathan, and we can almost fancy we see him in the hundred foot, cool, green-brown depths, head down, tail up, boring and boring with angry twists and jerks for the bottom that he will never see again, if he only knew it.

Suddenly he loses patience, and with one powerful stroke he is off in another mad rush for freedom. It is give him line or break something now, and we let her flicker. The reel handle becomes a blurred, hazy circle, the click is a high-pitched, nerve-racking screech as yard after yard of our lines goes hissing away to unknown depths. My thumb is blistered with the friction—and it might have been burned to the bone for all I knew, so intense is the excitement of the moment. The strain is terrible. Evidently it is too much for Leviathan. He slows down again, after almost exhausting our reserve line, and resorts again to his boring tactics, while we bend our energies to recovering the line he has so ruthlessly torn away. By this time, through some occult agency, our messmates in camp become aware that a battle royal is going on, and distributing themselves at vantage points in the grandstand of the rocky shore, commence to root, criticize, and advise in a manner that would cause the irresponsible base ball fan to turn green with envy.

"Pull him in!" "Jump overboard and catch him with your teeth!!" "Put a bit in his mouth and drive him ashore!" comes wailing out to us over the dancing waters from the distant shore. "Don't let him go!" "Hang on to him!" As if we weren't hanging on to him with all the strength at our command,—or possibly he was hanging on to us. We've never been able to

"DON'T LET HIM GO! HANG ON TO HIM!"

WE DIPPED LIGHTLY AROUND THE END OF THE ISLAND TO THE DEEP CHANNEL WHERE THE BIG ONE HAD TURNED OVER AND VANISHED

figure which one was hanging the hardest.

All the time we were striving to recover line preparatory to the next rush. With the butt of the rod boring a hole into the pit of our stomach and our left thumb on the spool, we grasp the rod above the reel with the right hand and pull with all the force the tackle will stand. The fish yields slowly to the strain and gradually the tip of the rod rises a few feet above the surface of the water. Quickly changing our grip, we reel in until the tip is down near the surface again. Three feet of line to the good. We repeat the operation again and again, each time gaining some three or four feet of line to the accompaniment of incessant tugs and angry jerks.

Our muscles are commencing to stiffen, our back and legs become cramped, and our fingers sore from the cutting of the hard unyielding line. The butt of the rod seems to have reached our back bone and is trying to force its exit through the vertebræ when with a whizz and a whirr, off he goes again. It is a relief to be compelled, for a time, to let him have his way, for we are tiring almost to exhaustion.

His runs, however, are becoming shorter and less vigorous and between each of them we recover more line than he takes away. He is surely tiring out, and calling upon our reserve strength, we force the fight. Turn after turn, slowly but surely the line comes down to the reel, in an endless grind. Already it seems we have reeled in about four times as much line as we put out and the end is not yet.

Suddenly, about fifty yards from the boat, we see a mighty swirl and catch a glimpse of a broad, black tail at least a foot across. But he is not done yet, for on sighting our craft he tries another wild, desperate plunge. It is only a short one and his dying effort.

Again we apply the reel, this time with only the sheer weight and drag of the heavy body as our resistance, and in a few turns are rewarded by a sight of our prize on the surface some twenty-five yards from our canoe, with his snow white belly glistening in the sunlight.

"There he is, Kid. How's that for your table-cloth?"

"Gee whizz, Dad, you've got a whale!" exclaims the Kid, as turning in his seat in the stern of the boat he gets his first glimpse of the monster—"How are you going to land him?"

"We'll tow him ashore. We don't

want to upset and lose him now. Paddle for camp, quick."

He is undoubtedly all in, now, and we reel him alongside. Dropping the rod, we get him by the gills, and holding his head out of water, with his cavernous mouth almost in our face, we start for camp.

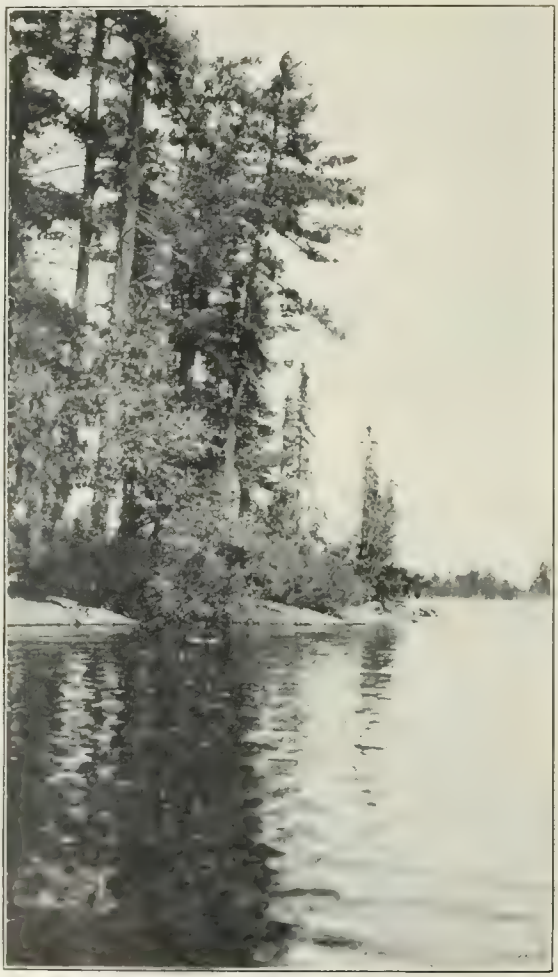
"What time is it?" said I, feeling as if it had been centuries since I hooked that finned bundle of fight.

"Five-thirty," responded The Kid, skipping a stroke. "Why—it's sixty minutes since you hooked him!"

And so it was. One solid hour of the hardest fighting I had ever met. But we had him, and that was enough.

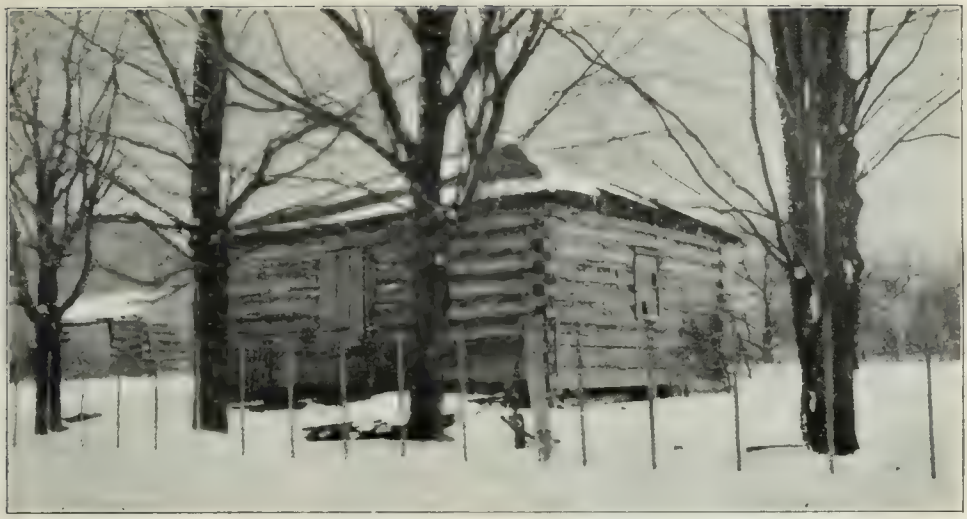
At camp, everybody turned out to receive us. Phil, the guide, plunged waist deep in the water and grabbed the prize, while the other fellows made a dash for us and lugged us up to the tent with waving arms and legs. All we needed was a brass band and a triumphal arch with "Welcome" on it.

Forty inches from tip to tail, with a twenty inch waist measure was our Big One, thirty pounds in weight, and a catch to be proud of, as he lay gasping on the moss. We looked at him with all sorts of quivering feelings rising proudly inside us. We had got him. He had put up a splendid fight, and it was almost a pity that such a valiant warrior had come to his death—but we had got him. It was our turn to chortle. As for The Kid, we had to snub him to a stump with a hawser to keep him on earth at all.



THE SHIMMERING SHADOWS OF TEMAGAMI PINES

We have fished the waters on both sides of the Atlantic; we have matched our skill against the Jew fish and the tuna of the Pacific; we have landed the mighty muscallonge of the Great Lakes, and the gamey salmon of Nova Scotia rivers; we have run the whole gamut of fishing from the brook trout of the mountains to the silvery tarpon of Florida waters, but with all our experience in the fishing line, we take off our hats to the lordly lake trout of Lake Temagami. There is none like him in all the world, and handled with light tackle, such as was used with this one, he is a foeman worthy of any sportsman's steel.



THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE AT COYNE'S CORNERS, BUILT IN 1820

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

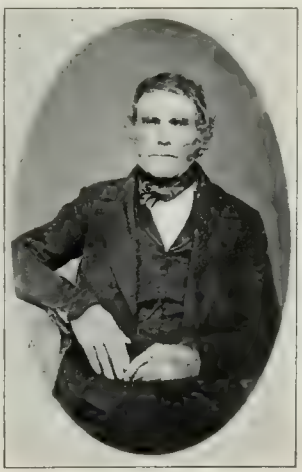
BY MARIA H. COYNE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"I'M GOING, I tell you," stamped Tom, aged nine, as he and his younger brother, Will, stood by the great well sweep of a comfortable farm house on one of the new clearings at the western extremity of Colonel Talbot's settlement, "Little Ireland," on Lake Erie, County Elgin, Upper Canada.

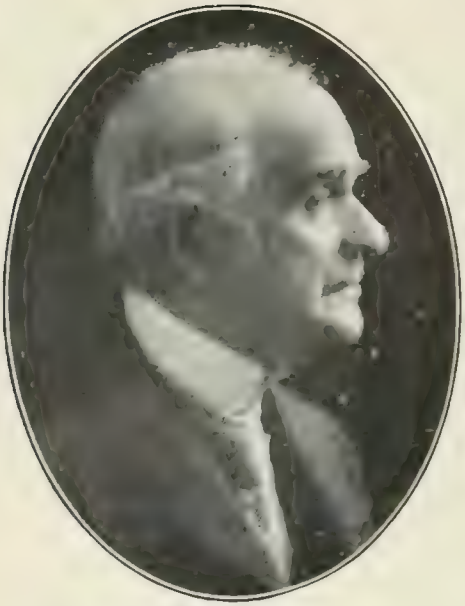
It was in 1822 and the two children were discussing the vexed question of to go or not to go—to school. Tom continued, "Father would like me to go, I know, but John always pretends he's too busy to spare me. I despise hoeing taters. Sure, they will grow without all that fuss. You wait for me by the big stump."

Fifteen minutes later the two children, with bated breath, scurried out of sight and then more leisurely made their way through the mile or two of forest that led them to the edge of the small clearing with its log schoolhouse. Here a group of children were gathered, listening intently to the sound of screams, oaths and crashing furniture within, announcing that the schoolmaster had been indulging in a drinking bout and that he and his wife were engaged in a hand to hand argument on the question of his delinquency.



THOMAS MCCOLL
Teacher of many well-known Canadians

In those early days men who were competent to teach the three R's were rare and the settlers were inclined to believe the man who best regarded the Scriptural injunction to "spare the rod and spoil the child," was most fitted to teach the young idea. This morning, however, the tumult and the shouting died



NICHOLAS WILSON
Familiarly known as "Old Nick" to hundreds of "Old Boys"

in a few minutes and the children entered the one room which combined the uses of reception hall, parlor, dining room, saloon, kitchen, and schoolroom, to which was added rather unnecessarily, one would suppose, that of ash receptacle. The master's bedroom was in a little compartment under the peak of the high, sloping roof and was reached by a ladder.

In the big room downstairs, one corner, near the large fireplace, was occupied by a mass of ashes, then a highly prized commodity, as from them by leaching and boiling down the lye, potash was obtained and this commanded a high price in the States. The schoolmaster's wife, however, ordered her life on the principle of "never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow," and the result of this policy was that the ashes kissed the ceiling, then gradually spread over most of the space allotted to the children who regarded this and other discomforts with the nonchalant indifference of a time when children were trained to expect no attention to be paid to their "whimsies."

Winter and summer, three backless benches stood in front of the fireplace. The seats were made by the simple contrivance of driving four small stakes into a thick slab, "whipped" from a good-sized tree trunk. The stakes were never of equal length and the seats were naturally wabbly, a source of great amusement to the bad boy of the school who would, by a motion of his foot as he left the bench, envelop the rest in a dense grey cloud or better still, upset a small boy and send him over into the ashes The little boy might get bruised knees but the master was sure to stop any audible protest by giving him "something to cry for."

In warm weather the older children were kept at home to help with the crops and the younger ones sat on a bench in front of a long slab fastened to the side of the room, where the unfortunate infants, with feet curled under them, did their best to learn to write. The books were as various as the small scholars. One fortunate boy was the proud possessor of his mother's old hymn book from which she had learned to read in Scotland. Tom and Will carried Wesley's sermons; others were provided with New Testaments

THE MODERN TYPE OF SCHOOLMASTER
Dr. R. A Pyne, Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario

and many had portions of old newspapers.

The two brothers were the only "Irishers" in a school filled with Highland Scotch. They were anxious to learn and if their desire seemed to slacken, their mother spurred them on, telling them they were to study hard for the "honor of the old sod." They didn't quite know what she meant but she inspired them with a desire to be like Father in every way and so of course they must learn as much as possible.

They were sitting close together trying to digest the long words of the Wesleyan sermons when a boy at the end of their seat tried to kiss the girl next him. She resented the familiarity by boxing his ears and a noisy scuffle ensued. The teacher had a habit of throwing his taws in the direction of any noise, the inflexible rule being that he or she whom it hit, whether guilty or innocent, must carrry it back to him and receive a most unmerciful trouncing. Unfortunately this time it hit little Will who sat too frightened to move. Tom snatched it hurriedly and carried it forward but his self sacrifice availed nothing for the result was that both children were compelled to endure the torture.

But luckily this master was removed and the next teacher, a very different type, boarded with Tom's father. He good-naturedly helped the boys to study at home and the two children read eagerly everything that fell into their hands. Thus their somewhat desultory education continued until Tom married and about 1846 he sent off his own two children, a boy and a girl, to school.

Conditions were not greatly improved and the girl is still bitter over the remembrance of a day when visitors came to school. As the teacher passed she said to the child, "If you look off your book one little peep, I'll half kill you." Needless to say, this was too much for feminine curiosity and the shy eyes, stealing a glance, looked straight into the threatening glare of the schoolmistress. No sooner had the visitors gone than she fulfilled her shameful threat almost to the letter. That night at home the parents, true to the Spartan methods of training prevalent in those days, had expressed no sympathy but when she was supposedly asleep they stole to the child's bedside and applied a soothing lotion to the tender back, covered with welts and bruises.

Another day the baby sister ran away to school and as she peeped in the open door her brother smilingly beckoned her to him. She snuggled at his side and when the teacher's attention was absorbed elsewhere, the brother drew from his pocket a stick of candy lovingly glued to a long slate pencil and some broken pieces of stick cinnamon. "Poke them through the crack to Danny Williams," he whispered. She obeyed and as she felt the dainties pulled from her baby fingers, she peeped through the crack to meet the gaze of two haggard eyes set in a face so white and dismal that she would have fled in terror had it not been for her brother.

The room had been partly lathed for plaster and in the narrow space between the unfinished work and the high board the child had been thrust on a broiling hot summer day. Scarcely able to move, suffocating in this airless space, the child had been almost fainting and this was the only method of nourishment the sympathizing scholars had been able to adopt.

Soon two more of Tom's family, a boy and a girl, she who now attempts to give you these reminiscences, were added to the school and they passed under the rule of Robert Backus, son of Stephen Backus, one of those upright sterling pioneers whom, in 1809-and 1810, Colonel Talbot had welcomed to Little Ireland. As a teacher he was far in advance of his time. But unfortunately he was succeeded by a man whose brutality to the children was unsurpassed. He would whip a child until the blood came.

On one occasion he was whipping some small children when he observed the pitying glance of John Seaberry Pearse, afterwards park commissioner of London, Ontario. Mr. Pearse became one of the authorities on landscape gardening in Canada and to his

efforts much of the beauty of the Forest City is due. Angrily turning to Pearse, the teacher said, "Oh, you're sorry for them, are you? Come here and I'll make you sorry for yourself." Stoically the boy endured the severe punishment and when the old man ceased to rain blows on his back and arms, Pearse quietly said, "I would gladly take that any time to have you spare the little ones."

In 1854 we moved to London. With all our master's cruelties, he must have been a good teacher for we were considered advanced pupils. I well remember a classmate pointing out a small boy as one who was "in the third reader and only six years old," and the unconscious egotism of my reply, "Of course. He's my little brother and we were all put 'way up."

London then had but one public school, erected in 1849, but its builder had recognized the need of the sound body and the playground covered an entire city block. The "old Union," as its ex-pupils call it, was then in charge of Hamilton Hunter who was shortly afterwards superseded by his brother-in-law, J. B. Boyle, known to the pupils as "Barney" Boyle. His ability won for London schools an enviable prestige they still enjoy. Character building ranked high in his estimation and he had a genuine love for his work which led him to freely spend his Saturdays drilling boys to prepare themselves for professions, his sole compensation being the success of his pupils.

Mr. Boyle was a brilliant impromptu speaker and an able writer and had he been looking for financial remuneration he would doubtless have done a great deal better in some other profession. In 1859 he was appointed inspector of the many schools that had sprung up in London under his wise supervision. This position he held until his death in 1896, an event which occurred exactly as he would have it, sitting in his office at the end of his day's work.

Mr. Boyle was succeeded by W. J. Carson, who since 1872, had been one of the best known public school principals in London. Mr. Carson died in 1904 and was succeeded by C. B. Edwards, one of the most brilliant high school teachers in Canada. Mr. Edwards is still in office and has been most successful in his administration of school affairs.

Associated with Mr. Boyle for many years was Nicholas Wilson, the granddad of them all. A wonderful man was "old Nick" as generation after generation irreverently, but lovingly, called him. It was in honor of Nicholas Wilson that the famous Old Boys' movement was originated, to celebrate the fiftieth year of his incumbency as a teacher. Mr. Wilson died in 1909.

Miss Bethel was one of Mr. Boyle's most valued assistants. She was a splendid woman and as Mrs. D. F. Ware, after her retirement from public teaching, she conducted one of the best private schools in London. Two sisters, Miss McElroy and Miss Maria McElroy, afterwards Mrs. Robert Reid and Mrs. J. B. Elliott, respectively, were remarkably successful, and Mrs. Hopkins was another of the teachers who, from 1851 to 1876, devoted herself to faithful service to her pupils.

The roll is long and full of honorable names and one might go on indefinitely prolonging the list of those who have done so much for Ontario's educational advancement. It is enough to say that the "little red schoolhouse" of early days has left its ineffaceable impression on the life and works of its scholars.

The King's Wish

By C. G. Marquis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

WHILE this scene was being enacted in the broad square the governor of the city was galloping furiously towards it on his snow-white charger. He had been in the tower of his mansion looking out towards the purpling hills, when his eye fell upon a crowd gathering about the great gates of the city. As he gazed the crowd grew larger and larger, and streamed on towards the centre of the city as if following some leader. He heard no shouts, and the very silence filled him with misgivings. Could it be possible, he thought, that the mountain tribes, who had lately fled for refuge to his city, and had been fed and clothed and housed at the good king's command had risen in arms and were attempting to organize an insurrection? He was no coward. He would see for himself, and rushing down from his tower he ordered his servants to saddle his horse and bring him his sword in its golden scabbard, that scabbard that only a governor could wear. In a few minutes he was on his richly caparisoned steed spurring with fiery haste on his errand. Nor did he slacken his pace until he reached the king's square, where, to his amazement, he saw the ground black with prostrate figures.

The thought flashed through his mind: Could the king have come to the city without his knowledge, and was that he who was standing like a golden glory on the sacred stone? But as he strained his eyes he saw a ragged musician playing a harp. From where he sat on his horse he could not hear the music, and with a furious cry at the sacrilegious deed he drew his sword from the scabbard, and putting spurs to his steed rushed at a wild gallop over the kneeling crowd. Like a flash he was within ten feet of José. He had raised

his sword aloft for a deadly blow, when suddenly his horse stood still, his sword dropped to his side, and man and beast were bound in the same spell that held the vast crowd.

José seemed not to have noticed the mad rush of the charger, or the danger that had threatened him; but on he played, with eager hand and swelling heart, as the sun sank behind the hills. Slowly, slowly it sank, and as it drew nearer the horizon the music grew gentler and sweeter; and when at last only a faint circle of light shone above the grey of the hills, the music died out in an exquisite note that seemed to bid the sun good-night.

Scarcely had the last chord died away when the governor snatched from his girdle his golden sheath, and threw it as a gift at the musician's feet. The crowd followed his example; ladies took from their ears, their necks, their wrists, their ankles, rich jewels and cast them recklessly on the white stone: men threw their gold, their silver; and children and beggars, who had begged or piped all day for a few coppers, cast the store that was to have bought them their supper and bed into the pile that rose up to José's very knees.

The crowd, beside themselves, cried, "Play! Play!"

But José had drawn his mantle over his instrument, and said in a firm voice, "Not to-night; to-morrow I will play to you again."

But the crowd would not heed. "Play! Play!" they cried; but as he firmly refused, some of the evil-minded exclaimed, "Let us take his harp and play it ourselves."

Others eyeing the treasure on the ground shouted: "Tear him to pieces! Has he not defiled the sacred stone with his naked feet?"

But the governor firmly interposed in his commanding voice: "Let no man interfere with the boy! If he has been guilty of sacrilege we are all guilty with him, as we all did him reverence while he stood on the stone. The king alone can judge him, and the king shall know of his deed in the morning."

But the jealous musicians in the crowd cried out, "Tear him to pieces! The king will pardon us for taking the law in our own hands."

It seemed as though José's life was in great peril, when the tramp of armed men sounded across the square, and a line of soldiers in complete armour, with Lara and Haro at their head advanced towards the stone. It was the guard from the walls who had been relieved at sundown. When the governor saw them he cried: "Soldiers, halt! Protect this lad till he is safe in my castle."

"Protect him!" cried Lara. "Protect us from him rather; he is able to take care of himself. I interfered with him at the gates, and got a cracked pate for my trouble."

The crowd fell back in fear at the soldier's words, while the governor said: "Collect this money and these jewels. Do not leave out my sheath! all are the boy's! He has been guilty of a fearful crime: he has stood where never man, save a king has stood before, and his life is in the king's hands. This night, however, he shall sleep free and protected under my roof. You will see to this, Lara?"

"See to this! I have just sworn to give my salary as an offering to this musician, and now I further vow that my sword, with the king's permission, will be used in no other service."

The crowd parted, and José, with his harp across his young shoulders, followed the governor to his palace surrounded by trusty soldiers, who reeled under the weight of money and jewels that his playing had won from the crowd.

CHAPTER VII.

From the royal square the crowd surged, led by the governor on his gorgeously caparisoned white steed. José followed closely behind in strange uncertainty. He had, as it were, come out of a dream, and the noble-looking soldier, that magnificent charger, the dense crowd were seemingly but the memory of it. While the sun was above the horizon he had not noticed the people about him, but now the multitude of crowding, wondering faces made him shrink back into himself. He had known but few people brought

up in a wandering gipsy tribe, his knowledge of humanity was limited to a score or two of half-starved vagabonds; but this sea of human beings pressing about him made him marvel at the vastness of the world.

It was surely all a dream! Could he still be asleep on the mountain side among his straying flock? He looked himself down and up. Yes, surely he was José! These were his rags; there on his bare, brown, dusty feet was a scar he had received several days before while climbing up a difficult tree with boyish curiosity to see if the eggs in a scarlet winged bird's nest were the color of the bird. And this line of fully armed soldiers to his right and to his left keeping back the crowd! What could such an imperial guard mean? He looked again at his rags and his scar; and again at the splendidly-mounted figure before him, the silent wondering crowd pressing close to him, and the stalwart soldiers towering high above the ordinary citizens, moving with slow, and steady tramp by his side. Yes, he was José! But all this was surely a dream.

Then he remembered the strange, weird, kindly little dwarf in the woods; the sunset music he had heard, Fedora and her sheep. He was still clad as her shepherd, but now, in his rags, instead of guarding a few troublesome sheep, he was honored by a man like unto a king, a whole city had been at his feet, and what seemed to him a whole army such as might guard a king protected him and his harp. He looked at his instrument. It was still on his arm, but now that the sun had set it had lost its glory. The sheen had departed from the silken covering, and it seemed naught but a crude street instrument concealed by a ruder piece of cloth—and he could but wonder and wonder.

Over the crowd, too, was sweeping a change of feeling. Many of them had cast at the feet of the musician precious trinkets; misers had parted with some of their greedy gains, and even the beggars had let fall the price of their suppers. Their wonder was vanishing and in its place hatred was rising.

"What is he after all," they murmured, "but a ragged beggar, more unkempt than any of the musicians of our streets!"

"He is in league with the devil," hissed others, "and has deceived us by the aid of the Prince of Evil."

"Let us fall upon him and tear him to pieces," was whispered on all sides.

But the soldiers with their drawn swords kept them back and the stern grim smile of Lara frightened them into subjection. There were some among the soldiers, however, who had not heard the magic of the music and sympathy with the crowd grew in their hearts.

"What folly we take part in!" thought they. "The King's Guard to perform such a foolish task, such a degrading task, as to escort a beggar through the streets as though he were a prince."

They, too, were not accustomed to being employed as beasts of burden, and several of them groaned under the weight of the treasure that had been heaped upon this beggar. One of the boldest of them jostled rudely against the lad, but scarcely had he touched the harp before he was sent sprawling into the midst of the crowd.

Lara had seen the act and had drawn his sword to strike the rude guardsman with the flat of it, but instead he laughed loudly when he saw him rolling in the dust.

"Dost like thy bed, Charles?" he shouted. "Dost like thy bed? Up man, and sleep not by the way."

"'Tis the devil! 'tis the devil!" The crowd began to shout, and there was a surging and a pressing that boded ill for José. Even the stern governor's voice was unable to command order. But although those on the outskirts of the crowd turbulently pressed forward, those nearest José, who now trembled timidly at the uproar he had created, had no wish to approach nearer the mysterious lad and his more mysterious instrument, and as a consequence the central portion of the crowd was sadly squeezed and crushed and even trampled on. At length a coward stumbled over a loose paving stone, and seizing it, hurled it at José.

It struck with a dull thud, but not against either José or his harp. It

reached the harp it is true, but scarcely had it touched the instrument before it went whizzing back straight as an arrow from the bow and laid the thrower prostrate and unconscious.

This was too much for the mob. Hastily they fell back, and a wide space was made between the soldiers and the crowd who were hushed into silence by their superstitious dread of the strange beggar who had power such as no man ever before wielded. There was now no murmur from the soldiers; they scarcely dared turn their glance towards the harp lest it should blast their sight. Slowly they advanced through the city, uncertain whether to be glad of the honor that was done them in being the escort to such a miraculous being or to lament that they, the first soldiers in the kingdom, should be the menials of a ragged gipsy minstrel. Two alone were sure of themselves; the governor in whose heart the music was still working, and Lara who had vowed to serve this minstrel before even his king, and who never broke his word.

But all rejoiced when the splendid palace of the governor loomed up in the distance; the Governor and Lara because they had nothing further to fear from the crowd; the soldiers, because to some of the prouder their present task was humiliating, while others felt that if they were not escorting the devil himself in disguise they had with them one of his lesser imps; and José, who, despite the music he had made, the wealth that had fallen at his feet, the power the harp gave him, was still a very human boy and very hungry.

They were soon before the magnificent residence where the governor lived in state, and at the thundering voice of Lara the escort drew up in two long lines, while the governor dismounted and giving his horse to a groom passed through the midst of the soldiers with drawn swords. José followed, trembling at the sight of the fierce big men with the fierce long weapons; but had he only known it under their armour their knees were knocking together from very fear of him. Up the marble steps they passed, and between the two black marble lions that guarded the golden doors, and into the palace of the man second only to the king in wisdom, in wealth, and, best of all, in kindness of heart. The servants in their gorgeous livery bowed low when the governor and José entered the hall. They no doubt wondered at the strange little gipsy that followed their master, but they were too well trained to show their wonder even by a look. What their master did was right; it was for them to obey. Two of them as was their custom followed reverently behind the governor; while two others went without and stood one on either side of the golden doors by the black lions, to see that no man entered; for even in those days a ruler's life was ever in danger. But they had nothing to fear. The governor's treasurer had taken charge of José's wealth, and Lara was already marching his soldiers back to their quarters. The crowd, too, had dispersed grumblingly, threatening death and destruction to the governor and his palace. Nor did they rest satisfied with their threats alone; the king was expected in the city on the following day, and several shrewd ones who were jealous of the governor rushed off to tell him of the pollution of the sacred stone before the governor could send him an explanation of the strange occurrence.

Once within the palace José was led along a hall fairer than he had, even in his wildest dreams, imagined the king to possess. The floor was of colored mosaic; the walls were adorned with paintings of wondrous hues, and so skillfully were they done that at first he thought that the pictured men and women were living figures; the roof, too, was richly painted, and José wondered by what miracle the artist could ever have remained suspended in midair while he covered the dome with those fair angel faces that peeped out from clouds and peered from among the glittering stars. Here and there were marble statues so lifelike in appearance that José quite expected them to step from their pedestals and follow the owner of all this wealth and beauty.

Just as they reached the centre of the hall, a door burst open and two fairy-like little children bounded out with

THE GOVERNOR FIRMLY INTERPOSED, "LET NO MAN INTERFERE WITH THE BOY! IF HE HAS BEEN GUILTY OF SACRILEGE, WE ARE ALL GUILTY WITH HIM"

cries of joy, and rushing to their father, seized him by the hand, welcoming him home. At first they did not seem to notice José, but their little round eyes opened with wonder when at last they beheld this ragged, barefoot lad. They had been carefully kept from scenes of poverty, sin and distress; and such a boy as José they had never before beheld. He was a great curiosity for them, and after their first wonder was spent they rushed eagerly upon him. Their father, remembering the miracles of the harp, would fain have stopped them, but he was too late and to his horror he saw them seize José and his harp, but no ill results followed. He was wise, and with quick mind divined the cause; only those with evil intent suffered; the harp would do no harm to the good, the innocent, the pure.

When their mother saw them lightly trip into her presence with the barefooted, ragged unkempt street-player who carried lightly on his shoulder a rude instrument, she was horrified at the sight. Her husband, who, now that he was in the midst of his own family, had lost some of his austere dignity of manner, saw her surprised look and

laughingly told how he had found the lad.

"But why do you not have him properly clothed," said the mother, who had not come under the spell of his music nor saw the miracles wrought by his harp. "My little ones are covered with dust from his tattered rags."

"All in good time; we have but left the street; but you can have the servants attend to him now."

Quickly she ordered that José should receive a bath,—at which José shuddered, for being an inland lad he was not familiar with water, but when she ordered that new apparel should be given him, and that his rags should straightway be burned, he cried out against it.

"Nay, nay! he who gave me the harp bade me seek the king and he would clothe me."

No persuasion could change him; he maintained that from the king alone he would accept new raiment. But his benefactor had said nothing about baths or doubtless he would have insisted that he would wait till it was the king's good pleasure to give him one, so he consented to undergo that ordeal. But his harp went with him; he would not leave it out of his sight for a moment. However, when he reached the great room where the sparkling water played in showers of liquid coolness and the baths lay deep and cool and tempting he could not be persuaded to discard his rags; he dreaded a plot to steal them from him, and so at last the patient servant allowed him to wash in his own way: and a rude way it was. Under the water he ducked his dusty head, rubbed his little black hand over his shining face, shook himself and stood up washed. It fared better with his feet, however. They were sore and hot and tired with his long tramp and the delicious coolness of the water made it pleasant to the touch, and he paddled and paddled till he was clean and refreshed. Back to the governor he was led, still bearing his harp, and his hungry eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw the rich meal that had been made ready.

In the meantime the governor and his wife had had a difference of opinion as to how he should be treated. The mother felt that such an urchin could never sit at their table. Apart from the effect he would have on their little ones, the servants would be loath to wait on him; but the governor, usually ready to give way to his wife in such affairs, was firm.

"He came to us," he said, "with power such as no man ever possessed. The crowd fell before him as though he were a prince, and as a prince he shall be treated till the king decides. "Methinks," he added with a laugh, "it would be well to make him governor of this city. When the king demanded revenue all he would have to do would be to harp and it would fall at his feet. I know not what may befall me or him to-morrow; but a strange miracle was worked through him to-day, and such powers cannot be for naught. In the sunset he seemed more than human; he seemed like an angel of light, and as a princely visitor we shall treat him, and at our table he shall sit till the king decrees otherwise."

So José found himself in a richly-carved and ornamented seat at a great shining table laden with rich dishes, and what he appreciated more, tempting food. Scarcely had they begun their meal when a tall youth with pale, finely-cut face and luminous eyes entered.

"Why so late, Henry?" said the governor looking up at his son.

"I stayed in the city inquiring about the lad who moved us all so mysteriously."

"Heard you him?"

"Yes!"

"Did'st ever hear such music?"

"No!"

"Where," exclaimed his mother, "is your clasp? 'Twas at your girdle when you went out."

The lad blushed crimson, then with a quickness of wit that pleased the governor mightily, he replied: "Ask father where is his sword."

"Well said, son! Thy mother's gift went with the king's gift. I blame thee not. Methinks I would have thrown the keys of the city had it come

into my head so to do. The lad here made us all open our hearts. But did'st hear any news?"

"Yes, and bad news too! Your enemies have rushed to the king with the tidings of the sacrilege practised to-day on the white stone."

"'Tis bad!" answered the governor. "I had meant to send him word at once, but if they have forestalled me there is nought to do but await his commands."

José had been listening with strange wonder to this dialogue. He had not realized that the golden jewels that fell about him were his, and though he had seen them carried into the palace he did not connect them with himself. But his mind was made up. The king should have his treasure, and the governor and his son should take back as gifts the golden scabbard and the jewelled clasp.

"FEAR ME NOT," HE SAID, "I HAVE COME TO GUARD YOU"

When the meal was finished the governor at the wish of his children had José's hoard spread out before them; and what an assortment! As the governor had said, there was more in the collection than he could have forced from the citizens in a month, and the strange mixture proved that no one had been left unaffected. There was the governor's sword, there was a necklace of jewels from the neck of the fairest lady of the city, there was a bag of gold with a miser's name upon it, and there were knives and tops, the offerings of children. The music of the harp had made the whole world unselfish.

The sight of all this wealth made everyone eager to hear José's history, and so with childlike simplicity he told how he had tried to watch Fedora's sheep, and how he had slept again and again, and how at last he had run away into the deep, black forest —and the little ones shuddered at the thought of it, —and how he had been charmed to the feet of the magic musician, and how he had slept in the wondrous cave, and how he had been bidden to take the harp and seek the king, and how he had come upon a fierce wolf crouching in his path—and the little ones cried out with horror—but he had trusted the harp, and it had hurled the snarling wolf from him; and how he had found Fedora moaning and groaning in her hut; how his music had made her young and strong again—and the

little ones laughed with glee,—and how she had chased him down the hillside—and they laughed still louder at his escape,—and how he had come to the gate, and how Lara had attempted to send an arrow through his instrument, and how his bow had been snapped and he himself cast down and stunned and bruised,—here the little ones uttered an incredulous Oh! It was impossible! Lara the biggest man in the world; Lara the most famous soldier of the King's Guard vanquished by such a mite as this gipsy lad! Impossible! But there was the gold, and the sword of their father, and Henry's clasp; and their little eyes opened wide at the wonder of it all.

The governor here took up the tale and told of the marvel of the scene in the square, and the miracles wrought on the crowd by the way, and when the tale was done it was time for all to seek their beds.

With this strange story still in her ears the wife of the governor raised no objecting word when it was commanded that José should sleep in the Prince's room! He must indeed be under the protection of Heaven, or even a heavenly being in human form: and the little ones as they passed him looked him over critically to see if he had wings, but he was still a very ragged boy and not much cleaner than when he had left his mountain home.

CHAPTER VIII.

When José was left alone he began to fear that during his sleep something might happen to his harp, and, to reassure himself that he was in a friendly place, he opened the door of his room to take one last peep along the brilliantly lighted corridor. As he did so he almost fell down from fright; for there, before his very door, filling the whole space with his huge bulk, stood a warrior clad in complete armour. José recognized Lara, the soldier who had only a few hours before attempted to send an arrow through his magic strings, and who had had such a shaking up for his pains. He thought that the giant had come to take vengeance on him, and in his terror was about to fall at his feet and beg mercy, when the blunt soldier's kindly voice roared out the cheering words:

"Fear me not," he said; "I have come to guard you. It is the custom when a prince visits the palace of the Governor—and he has treated you as one—to guard his door while he sleeps. I have besought the Governor to let me stand here till morning breaks. He has granted my request, and no man shall pass this door excepting over my body. No, not the Governor himself!"

José, despite the kindly words, was still trembling with fear, and Lara seeing that he was a greater source of terror to the lad than any foes not yet in sight, said with a laugh:

"You need fear nothing from me. I would as soon think of touching you as I would an arrow just speeding from the bow. I'm much afraid if I did I would find myself hurled through the roof. Now to bed, and rest in peace; no one shall disturb your slumbers."

José felt that Lara was a friend, indeed, and he was soon snugly resting between the silken bed clothes that wooed his young eyes to slumber a very few minutes after he had laid his head upon the perfumed pillows.

While José was sleeping thus sweetly after his day of wonders, and while his young brain was filled with dreams of the king and the honors he was to receive from his hand on the morrow—fearing no ill, and thinking that no danger could befall him or his harp, dark plots were shaping in a young mind that had been free from evil till this day. The Governor's son who had impulsively thrown his clasp at José's feet had long been seeking some new pleasure for his king. Ever since the royal edict had gone forth he had struggled night and day to find something new, and now his ambition could not brook defeat. He had invented new games; arranged new dances; hunted the wood far and wide for new song birds and new flowers; he had cultivated new fruits; and even written new poems,—but from his efforts his king found no delight. All were old to him, and he pushed them aside with his kingly hand.

To be continued

THE LOVER

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

I.

Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.

OF course there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Poor, pretty Rose Marian Evans, sitting alone in her wedding-present furnished flat, crying her blue eyes out, was the woman. And Robert Evans, striding savagely along the boulevard with the jar of a recently-banged door quivering along his nerves, was the indignant, red-faced, won't stand-it-any-longer man.

Not a very good beginning for the rose-and-gold paradise that matrimony had been warranted to be.

There was a line of dust on the lower edge of a picture-frame, and Rose Marian moved mechanically to wipe it off. But she stopped in the middle of a motion.

What was the use? Robert was never coming back—never, never, never, and the dust might lie inches and inches deep for all the good it would ever do to brush it away.

And as for Robert Evans, plunging redly through the tulip-studded park, where spring, unusually early, had set the snows of March aflame with bud and blossom, he vowed, being a foolish, hot-headed, sensitive young gentleman, that he would never, never, never stand the corroding misery of being married for so much as five minutes any more.

"Women are fools," he said grimly to a gray squirrel, and he plumped himself down on a bench, glaring at the little bunch of fur.

WHAT WAS THE USE? ROBERT WAS NEVER COMING BACK

The tiny beast fixed inquiring, beadlike eyes upon him, expecting peanuts.

"Never again, Bunny, never again. We'll get out of this, and go somewhere. We'll fish a little, and shoot a little, and trap a little, and do something interesting, and forget our troubles. Wonder if you ever have troubles, Bun? Come here, and let's condole together."

He whistled to the squirrel, and crooked a persuasive finger. Cautiously it came nearer, reconnoitered once or twice and then with a sudden access of desperate courage, leaped to his knee with an excited chirr.

"You know all about it, don't you, little man?" he said. "When your wife has caprices, you bite her, don't you? Well, I can't bite Rose Marian, and so I'm going to migrate to the next tree. You might wish me luck, Bunny, for there's nobody else to do it."

The squirrel, disappointed about peanuts, ran down, and expressed his voluble opinion about Robert from a safe distance. Robert arose, stretched himself, looked along the green grass and the lacy trees of the park, and brought one brown fist down in the palm of the other.

"I'm going to the Northwest. By George, I am."

And as a matter of fact, he did, at nine o'clock next morning, from the Park Row station, leaving half of his bank-account in Rose Marian's name, and writing her a never-never-never letter with the information about the bank-account in the postscript.

Over which she cried afresh, kissed it, raged over it, tore it in pieces, and finally gathered all the scraps out of the waste-basket so that she might wear them in a perfumed silk bag next her heart. Which is quite enough for you to know about poor, pretty, little Rose Marian Evans.

* * * * * * * * *

On the Soo-Spokane-Portland Limited, Robert Evans was gaily clicketting along towards the sunset. Loafing on the observation platform, and watching the track spin out its steel ribbons behind him, he sang to himself, and revelled in his new-gained freedom.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never, oh-never!" said the double trucks under the car, "never, oh-never!"

"Never it is," said Robert cheerfully. "I'm going to have some of the most glorious fishing in the country the next three months. Rose will be happier without me than with me.... Wonder what she's doing now?"

From which it will be seen that Robert Evans was still very human.

But there was no doubt about the fishing.

He had spent a long, lazy day rambling about Minneapolis, beside the amber reaches of the Mississippi, where the river, tortured among dams and flumes, boils downward in sheets of taffy-coloured foam; and loafing on a log across the current of the quick, little, black Minnehaha River, among the hepaticas and the mossy stones.

There was a tall gangling lad stalking trout with a fish-spear, and after awhile Robert made friends with him. Thereafter, he had stalked trout himself, and craftily slain two beauties where they lay head against the current, fanning their shining fins. He was assuredly going fishing.

So there was a choice assortment of rods and flies tucked away in the baggage-car of the luxurious limited train, and Robert took great breaths of the cool morning air in anticipation of the woods that awaited him.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never," said the trucks of the dining car, as Robert dawdled over his delicately-broiled steak and crisp salad, watching the wide Dakota plains sweep by. Tender and green the fields lay, dotted with thrifty farms, patched with glorious emerald where the winter wheat was springing through the soil, and wide, wide, wide as the sea.

Northwest they ran, and ever northwest, into the great new empire. Northwest to Portal, and after awhile south again to Spokane where the railroads meet among the fir-clad mountains. Here Robert dropped off, and spent a glorious month fishing and mountain-climbing where from the snowline a man looks far, far, far down to thrifty orchards and fertile valleys and the wonderful peacock blue of the mountain lakes.

It was a new country to him, and he explored it with delight. The Flathead, the Pend d'Oreille, the Coeur d'Alene Lakes all knew his rod; the unbroken sunshine of the Kootenay tanned his cheeks, the dry diamond-air of the mountains filled out his lungs and set him singing in the saddle along the trail.

Back to Spokane again he came to the broad orchards, to the famous Hood River Valley where the biggest apples in the world grow. Down the turquoise Columbia River, where the Soo Line runs through the blossoming valley along the river's edge, through almost tropical vegetation, where sky-reaching firs, cedars, pines, hemlocks, tower beside the right-of-way, and the mammoth ferns slip through the boundary fences to flourish on the rich soil of the orchards. West to Portland and the sea.

THE ROSE AND GOLD PARADISE THAT MATRIMONY HAD BEEN WARRANTED TO BE

And the days slipped by uncounted, until April had turned to apple-blossom May, leafed into riotous June, and full summer had bloomed and faded and shadowed imperceptibly into fall. Harvest was over. The air was cooler, and October lay in hazy, golden glory on the land.

"I've seen your country pretty thoroughly," he said one sunny afternoon to a chance-met acquaintance, "and she's great. What else have you got to show to a fellow on this coast?"

"Been to Vancouver?" said the other man. "That's a good trip, up the Sound from Seattle you know; or you can go by rail.

"That looks good," said Robert, and presently he departed in search of George Vancouver's city beside the sapphire sea.

II.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet,
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street.

ALONE on the express that evening, the desire for Chicago suddenly struck Robert Evans—for its smoke and grime and cobblestones, for its stark, sheer, naked ugliness, for the unsalted sea lapping hungrily at its stone-guarded soil, and for the white-winged yachts in the harbor. And, though he would not acknowledge it yet, for Rose Marian, alone in the wedding-present furnished flat in Chicago.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never!" said the trucks under him, but he did not repeat their refrain this time. He retired to the smoking compartment in search of a hand at whist, and found only the grizzled Scotch conductor sitting alone.

"Good-evening," said Robert, "How are we running?"

The conductor consulted his watch.

"On time. To the minute, A'm thinking." Then glancing at the restless young face, "Eager for hame, lad?" he said.

"No—that is—yes, sort o'," confessed Robert. "But I'm going away from it."

"A've a faimily masel' that A've no seen for the maitter o' two months, having been transferred to this deeveesion temporarily," he commented, fingering the long line of service stripes on his sleeve. "A wes juist sittin' here thinkin' o' them. It's harrd on a faimily, this travelin' life. Here we're sent, and there we're sent, and A'm no sayin' it can be helpit. But it's sair on the wife an' bairns—aye sairest on them. One day I'll be takin' oop thirrty or forrty acres o' fruit-lands, and workin' it wi' ma eldest boy. He's a tall lad, an' a gude, but he needs a faither the noo. An' I'll be glad to be at hame, efter a' these years o' servin' the road. Though it's been a fine service—just that. . .Ye'll be gangin' hame again sune?"

"Perhaps," said Robert, "I don't know how long I'll be away."

"Mak' it sune, lad," said the old conductor, and picking up his lantern he went up ahead, leaving Robert to reflection and a solitary cigar.

"Confound that conductor," said Robert, and threw the cigar away.

Morning brought the express to Vancouver.

Morning brought flagrant golden sunshine to the fair high streets of the town, and the sapphire blue of Burrard Inlet, and the ships from Hongkong and Australia and far Fiji that sail up from beyond the wide world's end to lie at her wharves.

The cool breath of the long-ridged Pacific lay salt on his lips, mingled with the scent of gardens. Above his head the giant firs of Stanley Park patterned the vast high arch of the sky. From the vantage of the deep-grassed knoll where he lay, the sweep of the city spread before him, backed by the snow-capped barrier of the splendid mountains, reaching their impassable summits far into the transparent heaven, and girdled by the wonderful blue of the Inlet, where .the white-winged yachts courteseyed in the shimmering shallows. Behind them lay the Lions of Vancouver, sullen nose on sullen paws, whose fir-covered slopes brood over the city, guarding it forever from the sea.

Robert watched the dimpling water,

a vague, uncomfortable, unanalyzable ache tugging at him, and a scrap of an old song running through his head.

"O, Falmouth is a fine town, with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it was there I was to-day."

"Faith, I've got the ships in the bay here," he said to himself, laughing. "If that water were gray, now, with a line of sky-scrapers out yonder, and a veil of smoke over it all, those dancing little sloops would look like the Chicago basin."

Then, unbidden, came a memory of Rose Marian, holding the sheet of a fourteen footer, and laughing at the spray that dashed over the side. Impatiently he turned from the shimmering water to the shady little lane below him.

"CONFOUND THAT CONDUCTOR," SAID ROBERT

People passed through from time to time: a park guardian, picking up a bit of paper, breaking off a low-hanging twig; a girl with a rose in her hair and a lilt of song on her lips; an Indian clam-digger, shuffling swiftly by, sack on shoulder, looking neither to right nor left; a lover and his lass, finding unutterable things in each other's eyes.

And then, swiftly and surely, in a spot of golden sunshine at the far end of the lane, came a tall woman with a baby astride her hip, walking smoothly, goddess-like, with a free swinging stride. The sun sparkled on her smooth yellow hair, and dappled with shadow and light the blue gown that clung to her straight matronly figure. And as she passed, the baby reached out a fat, chubby arm to Robert among the bracken, and crowed a shrill joyous crow.

"And I thought how I sailed and the cradle standing ready
For the pretty little babe who has never seen its daddie."

he hummed softly. "Hello there, little man!"

The song ran through his brain again, and suddenly as a blow came a new idea to him. "That has never seen its daddie?"

He had been away the best part of a year. Then—if—if—Rose!"

He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, good Lord! What a brute I've been!"

III.

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.

Oh, home! home! home! The miles could not fly fast enough. Ashcroft, Kamloops, Revelstoke, Glacier, Field, Banff, Calgary. Then a sheer swift swoop southward to Medicine Hat. Eastward on the main Soo Line to Swift Current. To Moose Jaw. Portal at last. Only five hundred and fifty miles to Minneapolis now, thank God. The American names met him like friends, as they passed the little stations and red elevators; the prairie town seemed like home . . . Minot, Drake, Valley City . . . Would it never end?

St. Paul at last. The last lap home.

Down through the Wisconsin farmlands; down through the golden birchwoods and the dark trout-rivers; down in a wide, gull-winged curve to the toe of the Lake Michigan stocking; down to Chicago and home.

"Rose Marian! Rose Marian! Rose Marian!" he said under his breath.

"Oh, little girl—my little, little girl!"

Underneath the car the trucks still said, "Never, oh-never, oh-never!" and chuckled to themselves at the jest. But Robert Evans neither heeded nor heard.

"Rose Marian! Rose Marian!" he said under his breath, and consulted his time table for the four hundredth time. "Little girl, will you ever forgive me?"

IV.

And it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.

THE door opened to his latchkey and he stepped into the familiar living room with a tightening of his heart.

Just the same—but where was Rose?

Not quite the same, either, at a second glance. There was dust on the immaculate furniture. A square of deserted embroidery and a scatter of rainbow silks sparkled under the lamp, side by side with an invalid's tray, and a roll of white flannel. A stranger hat and coat were flung on the Morris chair. The neglected room cried aloud for the mistress of the house.

Where was Rose?

And then through the hall floated a sharp, querulous wail, succeeded by indignant howls that sent Robert plunging through the doorway.

At sight of his face the dignified nurse smiled. She had seen that look before in other husbands' eyes.

"Everything's all right, Mr. Evans. Very successful. The boy is well, and Mrs. Evans is asleep."

"When—when?"

"Last night, about eleven o'clock."

"May I see her?"

"Certainly."

The nurse indicated the door, and Robert went humbly in to his wife, lying very frail and white among pillows, with her golden hair tumbled about her delicate childish face.

"Rose—my darling!" he whispered, kneeling beside her.

She opened her blue eyes, and smiled a sure, serene smile—the smile of those who have looked into the face of death and are very wise. It clutched at Robert's heart, and he bent his head with a groan.

"Oh, Rose! Has it been as bad as that?"

Across her face flickered the old mischievous twinkle. Cautiously she moved an inch on the pillow, pressed her lips to Robert's ear, and murmured: "Hello, daddy."

AFTER-SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THEY say that Love is kind.
Perhaps—it may be so.
I have but seen his pain,
And do not know.

I have but bared my heart,
And felt his sting;
I have but wept with Love,
And cannot sing.

The gentleness of love
I cannot find;
Love's only kindness is
That he is blind.

SUNSET ON BEAUTIFUL LA HAVE

WITH CAPTAIN KIDD IN ARCADY

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"GO TO Halifax!"

That was the way boys swore when I wore knickers. We did not care whether Halifax, Yorkshire, or Halifax, Nova Scotia, was meant. Since then I have become familiar with the Halifax beauful, and the Province of which it is the capital, and when I think of the ideal summer times, I think of the Canadian Province by the sea.

Nova Scotia has long been known to some who have a rare instinct for the delightful. Since a new railroad has opened up seven hundred miles of the loveliest coast imaginable, all parts of the peninsula are now easily accessible. Hearing the experienced few talk about it, you suppose they are foolish enthusiasts. Go yourself to Halifax, or Chester, or Liverpool, or Shelburne—or anywhere on the ocean shore—and you will become an enthusiast, too.

In fact this leisurely Arcady has been the delight of discriminating travellers ever since Harko's red-bearded Vikings beat across the North Atlantic nine hundred years ago, and, with the whole broadside of America to choose from, beached their long-beaked sea-dragons on the Nova Scotia sands, as their ancient monuments show. In the days of the American Revolution, the dread Captain Kidd showed more taste than is usually credited to the followers of the s'death-and-wounds profession of pirate, and made our silver-rivered Elysium one of his favorite haunts. Pirates in Arcady seem something of an anachronism—yet why not? Is not Robin Hood the very romance of Sherwood Forest, and what was gallant Robin but a land-pirate, a king-kidnapper and bishop-lifter of sorts? May it not give a pleasant thrill to the twilight saunterer on the beaches to think that some moonless night he may meet the shade of the Captain, patrolling the site of his ill-won Spanish treasure? He is only an added charm!

It is wonderfully picturesque. It is the most remarkable country for inshore salt water fishing; for beaches as safe and spacious as they are numerous; for boating in tidal waters that are like upland lakes; for sport with rod and line in two-score generous streams; for pursuit of bear and moose in the primeval woods; for the observing of social forms that are neither of the Old World nor of the New. For, indeed, Nova Scotia is opulent in repose, in beauty, in history, in tragedy, and in magnificence of hope—hope sometimes deferred, always justified.

Much of the fascination of Nova Scotia is in its hope deferred. The

country has been the playground of history as no other section of North America has. The French first colonized it in parts. On the eastern nose of Cape Breton they fortified Louisburg, which was destroyed by New Englanders, who, later, turned their half fleshed swords upon an obstinate monarch. The French brought culture to the Annapolis Valley (near such places as Middleton, more delightful than it was in olden times), and their excess of patriotism, and a reckless alliance with Indians, led to a merciless scattering of their families. They built forts on the southeastern coasts, and gave to half-a-dozen settlements some of the best blood of a splendid nobility.

Politically, France has ceased to exist in North America. But her seductive language is heard, and the mould of her acute intellect is seen in two million forms along the St. Lawrence, among whom the Crown uses the French tongue, of necessity, and of convenience also. In Nova Scotia, at Tusket, and Pubnico, and here and there along the shore you can see the kirtle and hear the accents that rightly belong to the seventeenth century; and grasp hands that are kin to the hands of dead statesmen and immortalized warriors; and know that ancient glory has become a remembrance—a quaint setting for a summer excursion.

The English came. Before Wolfe assailed the Plains of Abraham they founded Halifax. By a side wind of devotion to their German sovereign they advertised for immigrants in Hanover, and got them. Lunenburg, the best fishing port along the shore, is the result, in name, and speech and ecclesiastical distinction. There is not a German settlement in the wide world quite like it. Though the Lutherans have a yearly reunion at Wentzell's Lake, their ancestral tongue has no more official recognition than that of the Acadians. Their mark is over all the land, in the gear that all the oxen wear.

The ox is the beast of burden up and down the peninsula. He knows nothing of the arched yoke and boles, and the comfort of collar and hames would send him to sleep. He carries his unbended yoke just behind his ears, and has it strapped to the base of his horns and around his forehead. He walks in perfect, compulsory unison with his brother. In town he wears iron shoes, like a horse. When you reflect that he and his progenitors have, within a night's journey of Boston, been moving around in this rigid style for a hundred and fifty years, you suppose that history has decreed that they shall continue to do so, as a memorial of her freakish idea of growing a new Germany on a strange western soil.

STAR AND BRIGHT STILL RESPOND TO GEE! AND HSSH IN THE COUNTRY LANES

The whole Atlantic Coast, from Massachusetts north to Nova Scotia, is honeycombed with legends of treasure buried by pirates in the slashing days of the Spanish Main, and Mahone Bay, almost with-

THE WHITE-WINGED YACHTS OF CHESTER

MORE MONEY HAS BEEN SUNK IN THE OAK ISLAND MONEY PIT THAN CAPTAIN KIDD EVER BURIED THERE

in hailing distance of the Hackmatack Inn at Chester, has one of the most imposing of these legends in the Oak Island Money Pit. Although the staid citizens of Nova Scotia never, in the dark of the moon, trotted around a hole in the ground saying charms and wearing their clothes inside out, as the fathers of Rhode Island and Massachusetts did around the Darby Ring, joint stock companies have spent about a million dollars in trying to keep the Pit clear enough of water to permit them to unload in its depths. But they could neither pump out nor dam out the waters of the Atlantic and there the treasure lies, as safely guarded as that in the High Rock at

"NOVY" FISHERMEN TAKING THE BROWN NETS DOWN TO THE SEA

Lynn or the cache somewhere along the Long Island coast, for the old Captain is supposed to guard his Nova Scotian hoard in person o' nights, carrying his head under his arm for coolness. As far as Nova Scotia knows Captain Kidd is as rich as he was in the days when his ballad was new:

My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.

I had ninety bars of gold,
And dollars manifold,
And riches uncontrolled,
As I sailed

At Shelburne there is a ridiculous engine, into whose interior buckets of water were poured and then hand-pumped towards some burning pile. It was sent by George the Third to signify a royal gratitude to subjects, who, rather than become victorious with Washington, fled to the matchless harbour—once occupied and abandoned by the French — wherein the navies of all nations may carelessly ride. They founded there a city of fifteen thousand people without visible means of subsistence. That was in 1783. Twenty years afterwards the population of Shelburne was down to three hundred—just enough to prove that hope, though miserably deferred, is never utterly extinguished. To-day fifteen hundred people, including a few white and colored descendants of the original self-denying patriots, inhabit a town of wide streets, noble trees and quaint houses. Within a mile of the railway station strolls the moose, as wary and as welcome as he used to be when George the Third was king.

Nearly every place has some antique flavor of its own. Liverpool can tell several fine privateering stories. Sylvanus Cobb's house is there, for anybody to see. Bridgewater touches a world of romance through the name of its beautiful La Have River. Cape Sable Island has a singular record of tragedies of the seas. At Yarmouth there are the mysterious monuments of the meeting, nine hundred years ago, when the Norsemen first came to America, at which, as the interpreted record saith, "Harko's son addressed the men."

The whole country, then, is littered with memorials of days before men knew that the strong tides of population and commerce would flow further south. But History knew what she was about. She experimented here to prove the enduring quality of her sons. Then she loosed the currents into their predestined channels; and reserved the early testing places to be the playground of a more genial epoch; furnished with examples of her own half-informed, magnificent, invincible powers.

Some prefer to boat, and fish, and hunt, where such things were scarcely done before. There is abundance of unspoiled country for them, back of every section of the Halifax and South Western Railway. Lake Rossignol is a synonym for rich, exhaustless sport. Indeed, except appalling mountain scenery and its concomitant abysmic terrors, there is no valuable element of a vacation that is not freely to be had on the ocean side, or the stream, lake and forest side of this Road by the Sea.

There is abundance of picturesque-

ness, too, among the fishermen of the coast, who go abroad on the shifting, smoking Banks to lay hold of the cod in his sea. Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, Green and Grand Banks are the waste and wallowing chessboard whereon the little schooners play, moving from berth to berth as the fish bite well or ill, and dodging the reckless liners whose thirty-foot steel stems storm through the shifting mists at twenty miles an hour, and fishing-boats may keep out of the way. Gnarled and rough-handed their crews, gay at times, after the fashion of seafarers, and quietly courageous as men must be where danger and death are a part of ordinary existence. From Nova Scotia whole fleets of whalers and sealers used to put out. Kipling made a Nova Scotia man the captain of the Stralsund in "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," and, dying, he calls on his own land:

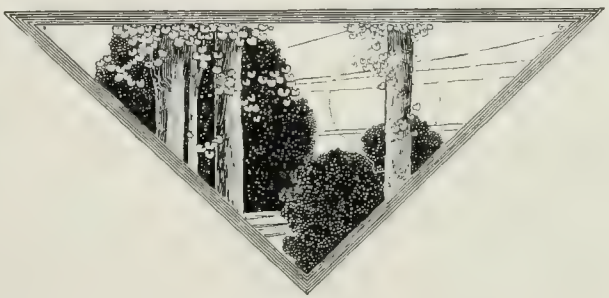
"The tides they'll go through Fundy Race
but I'll go nevermore
And see the hogs from ebbtide mark turn
scampering back to shore.
No more I'll see the trawlers drift below the
Bass Rock ground,
Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear
blazing up the sound."

Once a Nova Scotian, always a Nova Scotian, they say. They may travel far from their long beaches, but at last they always come home.

Such, for instance, is the station agent of Caledonia, a little place in the very heart of Nova Scotia, on the edge of a lake and forest region, wherein the moose and bear and porcupine are the only numerous dwellers, who has returned from the intellectual excitements of Boston and Cambridge to a life of ease and dignity on thirty-five a month, three acres of land, a couple of contented cows, and a young family that breathes the unadulterated air of heaven.

And when you have had time to think, you do not wonder very much that here and there a man in whom the merciless gospel of city hustle has not hopelessly damaged his instinctive love of place and of home, has returned from the activity and extravagance which once fascinated him, to dwell in some place where his family has a name and an abiding habitation.

Arcady in good sooth is Nova Scotia, pirate legends and all. Though her people dine off fresh "cods' tongues and sounds"—did you ever taste that ambrosia?—and buttermilk, instead of lampreys and Falernian; though French chevalier and German burgess no longer walk with sword and cambric ruffles through her streets, yet the cool and dreamy fields are those of Arcady beyond a doubt. And should you meet the cutlassed ghost of Captain Kidd in your rambles, and hear the faint whistling of a boat's crew off the shore, and see a rakish black craft flickering mistily in the offing—why, cross yourself and pass on, for it is only part of the delicious dream.



SPIKING MISTER CORDELL

BY BRUCE FARSON

Author of "Afraid," "Excess Baggage," etc.

IT WAS a little after one o'clock when Stack and Irish blew into the Alpha Sig house and roused the midnight lunch brigade from their cracker munching revery around the grate fire. They were both cold and they crowded their way between the morris chairs and squatted on the hearth.

"Well, did you spike him?" chorused the midnight lunch brigade.

"Somebody roll me a cigarette and maybe my throat will thaw out enough to tell you all. Lordee; but it's a turrible night without!" Stack answered.

"Without what?" asked Liz Wakeley. "Here's a tailor made 'pill,'" he hastened to add.

"I'll overlook the stale pun in consideration of your kindness about the cigarette," and Stack lit up and puffed luxuriously. "Now, about 'spiking' Mister Cordell: you tell 'em, Irish. I couldn't do it justice!"

"Well, it was the same old line o' talk," explained Irish. "He told us all about how well he liked every one of the fellows and the rest of that gazoosh; said he wanted us to know how much he appreciated our kindness in taking him to the football game at Mishington and to all the shows and the wrestling match and everything; and tried to salve us into believing that he thought we were being nice to him just because we were such paragons of courtesy that we couldn't act otherwise, and not because we wanted to drag him into Alpha Sig and tack his hide to the wall for the other frats to get sourgraped about. He finally ended up with that big stall about his father not wanting him to go into any frat till he had been in school a year and looked them all over.

"Stack got haughty at that and told him that it was not a question of a frat looking good to him; but rather of him looking good to a frat. Stack gave him a regular little forensic about the honor of being 'bid' by us and assured him that we didn't hold our 'bids' open till the man was ready to decide. Put it up to him that he'd better grab it while the grabbin' was good; but he only dished us out a superior sort of smile as much as to say 'that's what they all say.'

"Darn these big city high schools anyway! They turn out their fellows so smooth and wise that rushing them is about like going after some new man that you've picked up on the campus and don't know anything about, who pulls your leg for several good times and then breaks the news to you that if you are 'rushing' him for a fraternity there is nothing doing as he was initiated into Eta Bita Pie at Squeedunk College two years ago!"

Suddenly Stack broke in. "Tell 'em it all, kid, from start to finish!" he chortled. Then he rolled on the hearth, gasping to himself, "Oh, it was rich! Some class, some class!"

Irish grinned. "All right, it was this way. You know we 'phoned for seats at the 'Yankee Prince' and the beamish boy in the box office said he would hold us three in the fifth row. We beat it down there and I got in line at the ticket window. I was almost at the window, when I heard someone right behind me say:

" 'Be sure to tell him the lower left hand box, Rothie. It is reserved in the name of Kappa Rho.'

"You bet you my life that brought me straight up. Of course I knew 'Rothie' was Rotherwood and I got a flash out of the corner of my eye at the fellow who was talking and, I'll be darned if it wasn't little 'Pretty' Mc-

Manus, that mut that always answers 'present, Professor,' in English Three, just like a prep.

"You fellows know how doggoned hard Kappa Rho have been rushing this man Cordell, and I had a picture of him sitting down in the fifth row with us and piping them off in the lower left hand box. Oh horrors, Madge! I figured I'd better die a hero than live a traitor, so I skinned my bank roll and found that I could stand the box sketch without doing anything worse than warping it—the roll, I mean. Just then I got to the ticket window. I gave His Nobs in the cage a frozen look and said: 'Three seats in the lower right hand box.' I had a kind of idea that when you made a crack, off-hand, you know, like I did, for box seats, that the ticket man would salaam to you or at least do a few jig steps; but this bloke shot 'em at me as if they were three in the gallery and barked: 'nine dollars'. Honest, I hated to give up that nine; but I thought of that Kappa Rho bunch and came across with it. I kind of lagged back as I left the window to see what Rotherwood would say. I had made my crack about the lower right hand box loud enough so that I knew he'd heard it. I figured that the only way he could get anything on us was to buy chair space on the stage. Then someone behind me said:

" 'Five seats in the balcony, please. Yes, together.'

"I felt as if someone had handed me a flunk notice the week after they were out! Before I thought, I turned spang around and there was Rothie and 'Pretty' just turning away and grinning at me like a couple of waitresses looking for a Saturday night date.

"Now say, can you beat that? That's what I call a shine trick! They just made that box play to get me to blow us to one! 'Course they had me sized up all the time. Oh, you guys can laugh; but I'll tell you right now, you'll all have to whack up with Stack and me on the bill. The gov'nor won't let me toss off the patrimony on box seats.

"Well, anyway, we blew in and sat there all the evening. Never got out once, because Mister Cordell didn't

"SO HE ENJOYS THE SOCIETY OF CONGENIAL GIRLS," MARSHALL RUMINATE

smoke cigarettes and there wasn't time between the acts for anything else. It may have been a good show; I don't know. Sometime I'm going to it again and sit in the balcony where I can see it. I never got more than a flash at it to-night because two beautiful cloak-models with merry dish pan hats on, sat in front of me and kept mopping my face with their plumes. I'd of thought they were fanning me to keep off the flies, only it was winter!

"Then for another thing, I was afraid Stack would start a riot, he glared at me so and kept making up such faces. You fool, Stack, you were in the box and had no chance to get your money back! What good did it do you to swell up like a poisoned pup?"

"I didn't think you would buy box seats if you were in your right mind, and I was afraid you'd get violent and disgrace us," Stack defended himself. "Why fellows, every time the women in front of him swabbed his face with their plumes, he bit at them!"

"I never bit at 'em once! I had myself under perfect control all the time. I kept thinking of the only good time I ever had in a box. That was when I went with some Harvard fellows in Boston, after a Yale game, and we hung a chunk of ice from a high-ball glass on a string and lowered it on the dome of a baldheaded man. Gee, he was mad! Thinking of that was all that saved me from passing away.

"Cheer up, though, the worst is yet to come! After the show, we steered our little guest over to the King Edward. Stack asked him what he'd have to drink and he said he never indulged in anything but wine. Oi yoi! oi yoi! It certainly did my heart good to see old Stack loosen up and cut into the grape at four per cut!"

"That's another thing you fellows will have to whack up on, and also three cigars for a dollar that Irish recklessly ordered and then left me to pay for!" broke in Stack.

"Then what did you do?" asked Billy Marshall from the depths of his red bathrobe.

"Do, what could we do? We were both insolvent, so we brought him home. You fellows ought to thank the Lord he didn't order a taxi-cab. He did say something about it; but I ran like a horse for the street-car."

"Didn't give you anything definite in the way of an answer then?" pursued Marshall.

"Not a word! The only thing he said that I remember was that he enjoyed the society of congenial girls and he hadn't met any here at the Varsity yet."

Stack shot the butt of his cigarette into the dying coals. "Well, the fire's going out, and I'm tired and broke, so I guess I'll go to bed. Come on, Irish, we're not appreciated by these highbrows."

The midnight lunch brigade rose and followed Stack's lead. Marshall brought up the rear.

"So he enjoys the society of congenial girls; but hasn't met any here. Hm-m-m! That ought to work out someway," he ruminated. He was still thinking it over as he turned out the light in the room he occupied alone, by virtue of being a Senior, and hopped into bed.

"Hasn't met any here, eh?" he muttered, as he turned his face to the wall. Then he went to sleep.

At precisely eight-twenty the next morning, the eight-thirty class crowd were diverted for a moment from the serious occupation of swallowing thirty mouthfuls of oatmeal per minute by the apparition of a tall man swathed in a red bathrobe, who stalked into the dining-room and growled words at them to the effect that there would be a special fraternity meeting after lunch.

"WHO WHISTLED FOR IT, ANYWAY?" HOWLED LIZ WAKELEY

"Isn't it attractive!" howled Liz Wakeley. "Looks so bright and wide-awake! Must be some new sort of mascot. Who whistled for it, anyway?" Marshall treated Liz to a brilliant, if short, explosion of language and retired to dally a little longer with his pillow before he had to get ready for his nine-thirty class.

Everybody passed Marshall's announcement along during the morning,

so that an unusual number of active members sat down to the noonday meal at the fraternity house. With much scraping of chairs, the last of the diners rose and charged upon the whist fiends, who were trying to get in a rubber of bridge before the meeting was called. After the ensuing riot was quelled, the fellows draped themselves over chairs and davenports and waited. Marshall rapped for order with his gavel.

"If Clem will quit writing on his cuff, we'll get down to business. Thank you, Brother Clem, and I would respectfully suggest that you write your ideas on your brain hereafter. If you ever should be so fortunate as to become a Sophomore, you will find that your brain doesn't go to the laundry."

Right here Liz Wakeley, who had been called down that morning by Clem for striking matches on the woodwork, burst out with,

"Great! Great! Down with the Freshmen!"

Marshall hammered furiously. "Shut up, will you, Liz!" he roared. "Now listen! Stack and Irish tried to 'spike' this man Cordell last night. Some of you listened to their tale of woe when they got back, and for those who didn't I will say that they did not land him. They did get a line on him in one way, though, that seems to me to be a possible means of getting him. He told them that he hadn't met any girls that he found congenial here at the Varsity and that he liked girls very much."

"Goodness gracious, Agnes!" came in a chorus from the davenport.

"Now what do you think we can do?" finished Marshall.

"Marjorie" Daw uncoiled himself from the piano stool and rose.

"I'll tell you what, fellows," he said. "You can sic him on to Grace. I think he'll find her congenial. I do anyway."

Loud cries of: "Sit down! Sit down! No chance, Jerry. She can't talk about anything but you and we're trying to make him think you just work here!"

Daw resumed the piano stool with an injured air. Several other suggestions

"YOU KNOW WHAT A GOOD ALPHA SIG GIRL JEAN MCGREGOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN"

met a similar fate. At last Marshall took the floor again

"Listen, fellows," he began. "I think I have an idea—"

"I object! I object!" yelled Liz. "Past performances admit of no such premise!" He was dragged back struggling to the davenport. With a look of scorn, Marshall continued.

"You all know what a good Alpha Sig girl Jean MacGregor has been, is, and always will be. Even if you weren't calling at her hall every night the Dean of Women's College lets you, Paul, she would be an Alpha Sig girl, and now the bond is doubly strong. Isn't that so?"

"Sure. Jean's a good Alpha Sig girl, all right," answered Paul Henley, who had been a marked favorite in the pursuit of Miss McGregor for two terms.

"Well then, let's get up a theatre party for Saturday night for Paul and Jean and this Cordell fellow and, say little Miss Martin, the Delta. She belongs to a good sorority for us to cultivate. Paul can be attentive to her for once and leave Jean free to work on Cordell. If he doesn't find her congenial, we don't want him anyway.

Every man in this bunch has found her congenial to a finish so I guess she must be. What do you think of the scheme?"

Marshall's plan was greeted with acclaim by all save Liz Wakeley, who never acclaimed anything, and Paul Henley. The latter said:

"I think I ought to tell you fellows that Jean and I are a whole lot more than friends although, of course, we aren't engaged or anything like that." —Paul only had three years of law work ahead of him and was working his way through to boot.—"So she may not prove as entertaining to Cordell as you all expect."

"That's all right, old horse!" "Congratulations!" "Isn't he conceited!" "Trust Jean to be entertaining!" came the joshing chorus.

"Well then, fellows, if you think the idea's O. K., we'll put 'er through. You frame it up with Jean and the Martin kid, Paul, and draw on the treasury for the expenses. This is where we ought to land an awful wallop on the Kappa Rhos! Meeting's adjourned."

"And say," shouted Liz Wakeley, "as captain of the bowling team, I wish some of you would come over and gloat this afternoon while we beat the Alpha Kaps. All we have to do to beat 'em, is to show up with a couple of rooters. The sight of an Alpha Sig team with any support would shock all the fight out of 'em!"

Paul made his commission a pretext for cutting his afternoon classes and going for a long walk with Jean. He explained the whole plan to her and was assured of her help. They stepped into a telephone booth and Jean called up Miss Martin, who was one of her friends, and arranged matters with her. The only thing left to do, then, to make the arrangements complete was to get Cordell's acceptance. Paul found him at the Gym. At dinner he was able to report that everything was settled.

Sunday morning everyone slept late, and it was not until just before dinner that Paul came over from ushering in church for tuition, to report on the theatre party. Before he had time to hang up his hat, he was hailed with shouts from the loungers in the living room. His face, as he came into the room, was a blending of ruefulness and pleasure. In response to the inquiries as to whether he had made good or not, he said:

"Well, I did and I didn't. Jean certainly made an awful hit with Cordell. He hung over her all the evening like a moon-faced calf. I never got a chance to say 'how do you do' or 'fare ye well'!"

Roars of laughter greeted this speech. "Marjorie" Daw whirled on the piano stool and began to pound out "I Never Saw Such Jealousy In All My Life."

The sole topic of conversation during dinner was when Cordell would put on the pledge pin. The fact that it was Jean McGregor, not Alpha Sig, that he warmed to caused no qualms, for, as Stack put it,

"If he gets 'mushed' on Jean McGregor, she'll make him jump through and roll over till he'll join Alpha Sig just to get a laugh out of her."

Then, as a 'pledge', how quick would be his awakening! Paul would just step back into the limelight of Jean's regard and Cordell would go to the discard. He would have been hooked by that time, however, and would have to go out and hunt for congenial girls of his own. Even when the Jap waiter let slip a plate and gracefully shot a piece of roast beef between Clem's brand new fancy vest and his clean shirt, his frenzied tearing open of buttons in an effort to get it out only caused a momentary diversion. Many meditative pipes were smoked over the matter during the afternoon and evening and the general conclusion was that Cordell was done for. Marshall was praised for his acumen till he began to cite other instances of his wonderful brain power, and even Henley began to feel less sore at Cordell's monopoly of Jean as he thought of how he would step into the breach as soon as that pledge pin was clamped on.

For the next few days, the Alpha Sigs basked in the sunshine of Kappa Rho frowns. Delegations of Kappa Rhos stood at vantage points on the campus and tried to catch Cordell's eye; but he was always hurrying from

JEAN AND MISTER CORDELL RODE BY THE HOUSE IN AN AUTO

class to meet Jean McGregor, dashing to class from meeting Jean McGregor, or walking obviously by with Jean McGrego on his arm. An army could not have chaperoned him as effectively. The same Kappa Rhos who would have fought their way through a score of Alpha Sigs for a word with him, did not dare butt in on him when he was walking with a girl. The Alpha Sigs were content with this. They didn't butt in either. Why should they? Wasn't Jean the best Alpha Sig girl in the Varsity? Let her do the work; they stood ready at any time with the pledge pin. In fact, most of them carried one in their pockets, so that, if Jean should stop them on the campus with her slave in tow, and say that he wished instant action, they would not be found lacking.

Paul went over Wednesday night to get Jean's report; but came back before long looking rather crestfallen. He explained that Jean said that she had approached Cordell about fraternities in general and Alpha Sig in particular; but that he had been non-committal. She had not thought it wise to push the subject. Everyone agreed that she was right. Henley went on to say that Cordell had asked for a date that evening and Jean had thought he would be willing to sacrifice himself for the good of the fraternity. Again everyone agreed that she was right and urged him to think of his revenge as soon as Cordell had donned a pledge pin.

Thursday night Jean 'phoned Paul that Mr. Cordell wanted her to go to the theatre Friday night and she knew he wouldn't mind foregoing his call. She said she had nothing to report as to Cordell's readiness to accept Alpha Sig; but she hoped to be more definite next week. Paul looked glum.

"Good old Jean!" vouchsafed Marshall. "She sure is a good Alpha Sig girl."

Paul went upstairs muttering something under his breath. The others began to look at Marshall a little dubiously.

Saturday and Sunday were devoid of interest, except that Jean and Cordell rode by the house in aa auto, Sunday afternoon. Jean waved cordially, Cordell indolently. Fortunately Paul was not a spectator. He had developed a large enough grouch, so that no one saw fit to tell him.

The attitude of the Alpha Sigs to the

Kappa Rhos was not so patronizing during the early part of the next week and the Kaps did not seem so gloomy, although they wore a mystified expression as if they were wondering why the bolt of an Alpha Sig pledge pin in Cordell's button hole deferred its falling and were merely consoling themselves with the adage that while there is life, there's hope.

Wednesday night, Paul, with the well wishes of all the fraternity, repaired to Women's Hall to find out what had transpired. Twenty minutes later, he returned. He threw himself into a morris chair with such force that its venerable joints shrieked.

"Get an axe and you can break it quicker," suggested Stack.

"Shut up!" growled Paul.

"How peevish you are, Reginald!" Stack retorted.

"Well, I ought to be! Here I go over to see Jean and the maid tells me she's engaged!"

"Engaged! You don't mean to say she's engaged to Cordell!" gasped Billy Burkett.

"Not *to*, you fine piece of sage cheese, *with!*" raged Paul. "By Jiminy, I love my fraternity; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to martyrize myself to make you guys a holiday!"

"We are certainly enjoying your Hamlet; keep it up! If I had made a crack that some girl and I were a whole lot more than friends like you did the other night, I wouldn't beef around about her being engaged with someone else. You seem to be doing the "supper turn'. Buck up!" gibed Liz.

"Oh, but you think you're a 'scream', don't you!" grunted Paul and subsided into his grouch.

"But say, Paul, you don't think—" began Marshall. The tinkle of the telephone cut him short.

"If anyone asks for Maurice, call me!" Clem shouted after Burkett who ambled to answer the ring. "I was kidding some girl that called up the other day, and I told her my name was Maurice," he floundered, blushing painfully in the face of the broad grins that were being flashed on him.

"Somebody wants Henley," called Burkett. "Oh, you Paul, come here!"

The air was heavy with the feeling that this call had to do with Cordell. Everyone listened and waited in the state of no ideas and no words that the muffled voice of someone talking over the 'phone inspires.

It seemed a long time before they heard the door of the 'phone booth slam and Paul's returning footsteps. They all looked at him as he came back into the room. One glance was enough.

"Was it her?" asked Marshall. Paul nodded. Nobody spoke. At last Stack said: "Well, spring it."

"She just called up to say that she was sorry, but that Cordell was so prejudiced in favor of Kappa Rho that she couldn't win him over. Then she cancelled her date with me to come to our dance the fifteenth, because she was going to a hop at the Kappa Rho house that same night with Cordell. Said she thought I would understand. He's gone over to let 'em put a pledge pin on him now. She said if we hadn't been so cocksure and had rushed him a little harder the last week, we might have come nearer landing him." Henley gave them all a forbidding glance, then turned and clumped upstairs.

"Can you beat that?" rumbled Stack under his breath.

"That's what we get for putting our trust in a woman. I thought we'd do better without her, all the time!" thundered Marshall. It was his one last and gallant stand to save his brainy reputation; but he reckoned without his host.

For a moment he was the focus of seven amazed pairs of eyes. Then Liz Wakeley leaped up with a pillow in each hand.

"Good Lord, fellows!" he cried and let them both drive at Marshall. In a moment the others had followed Liz into action and the wise man of Alpha Sig was rolling under them all on the floor.

Upstairs, Paul Henley leaned back in his chair, cocked his feet on the table, puffed slowly at his pipe, and thought.

"I wonder if that little Martin girl meant what she said about giving me her picture if I came to call," he soliloquized at length. "Guess I'll go over to-morrow night and see. She sure has swell eyes."

DOPE

"I CONFESS," says Herman Lieb, whose success in "*Dope*" has been one of the year's dramatic features, "that when '*Dope*' was booked for Winnipeg, I did not feel at all sanguine as to its success. The sketch is purely American in ins construction, with Chicago as a background for local color. The theme deals with the cocaine traffic on the West Side, the scene being a drug-store run by Dee. Koltoff, who sells cocaine without a doctor's order As the curtain rises, a dope-fiend shambles in, buys his ten-cent package of 'flake,' sniffs at it, and walks out content. Jerry, a policeman, saunters in to tip off Koltoff that the settlement workers are on the watch to detect him in the act of selling cocaine to children, and for this bit of information Jerry borrows two dollars 'till pay-day.' At the end of a bit of dialogue that leads up to the plot of the play, Jerry heavy-footedly departs, the richer by two dollars and a handful of cigars. Evidently Jerry is 'in the know,' and Koltoff must 'fork up' to purchase his silence.

"The next visitor is a woman, who enters hurriedly, muffled up in a black shawl, and silently consults a directory. She is followed by a prepossessing young man, who asks for a brand of imported cigars. Koltoff doesn't keep imported cigars, but suggests his own favorite brand,' 'Cremo,' which the young man purchases. As he stands at the counter a young messenger boy runs in, taps on the counter for 'flake, and the moment he gets it, hands it to the man. Simultaneously the young woman rises, throws off her shawl, and discloses the person of Miss Courtney, a settlement worker and fiancée of Arthur Robson, the prepossessing young man. Robson, after denouncing Koltoff in no gentle terms, goes to the telephone to call up the police station. Discovering that it is a slot machine, he is in a quandary until Koltoff hands him the necessary slug. Then the station informs him that they have no officer in reserve, and they must wait. After listening a moment to this conversation, Koltoff says he'll talk to the station, and in a moment turns from the telephone, saying, 'They'll send up now all right.'

"While waiting the police, a heated discussion takes place, wherein Koltoff discovers that young Robson is the son of John Robson, of Robson & Robson, who deal in drugs, and supply him with all the cocaine he wants; and that Miss Courtenay's mother owns the building in which the drug-store is situated. He completely turns the tables, and shows the young people that their parents are as guilty as he is, for they, too, get their living from the sale of the drug. Miss Courtenay and Robson are nonplussed at the discovery, and the girl begs Robson to fix matters up, as she can't bear having their names connected with such a scandal. When the police finally arrive, Robson explains that they have decided not to press the

charge, as they have no witnesses, and presumably the traffic continues in its usual way.

"My surprise was truly great to discover that the Winnipeg audiences took up points in the play that those of New York and Chicago failed to appreciate. While in Winnipeg we had the pleasure of reading in a local paper of the discovery of a 'dope-joint' conducted by a woman, whose custom was to sell to messenger boys. When the arrest was made, several of these boys were taken into custody and one subsequently died from the effects of the cocaine habit, while others were set on the road to reform. So while my profession is acting, I feel that I am helping to carry on the crusade against an evil which I am informed numbers five per cent. of our population among its victims."

ARISTOCRACY

"AN earl's a very convenient thing for a girl to have around. I told the other girls to-day that I thought I'd keep this one," says Sarah Marion as "Tenny" Lawrence, "of the oldest families in America, my dear," the Earl of Caryston-Leigh meanwhile obediently tying her frivolous little slipper.

This cheerful doctrine is the theme of Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," which was first produced in 1892 with a cast among whom were numbered Wilton Lackaye, Will Faversham, Blanche Walsh and Viola Allen, and is now being revived in spite of its age, although it presents much the appearance of a forty-year-old coquette in her rouge and giggles.

Jefferson Stockton (played convincingly by J. H. Gillmore), a seventy-times-a-millionaire of San Francisco, has a handsome wife and daughter, and an itch to be presented at the court of St. James. This is done through the medium of the insolvent Marquis of Normandale, who calmly arranges to rent his London house, his servants, his ancestors and his own noble self as Introducer-in-Chief of the Stocktons to the very royalest royalties obtainable. Mr. Gillmore plays the Marquis with a quiet sense of humor that is refreshingly rare in an American delineation of an Englishman, and really makes him seem to be a likable chap, in spite of his frank fortune hunting.

However it isn't part of Jefferson Stockton's game to marry Virginia to any bankrupt title, and when she forestalls him by marrying Prince Emil the news comes to her father as a shock, Prince Emil's morals being rather the worse for wear. The fact of the case is that the Prince isn't in the least interested in Virginia herself, but rather in the Stockton money, and in handsome Mrs. Stockton (Maidel Turner) whom he expects to win through the same charms that have proved so seductive to the danseuses of the cafés chantants of Paris. Meantime Octave, Duc de Vigny-Volante thinks he will draw Princess Virginia, for whose charms he has a truly Gallic admiration, and everything promises to work out in a wicked Continental way.

But America to the rescue! Virginia remains magnificently true to her Prince, and inspires in Octave's breast sentiments of nobility the title of Duc hasn't seemed to endow him with; and he, returning to Paris, refuses to

"WANT ME TO?" SAID MISS GERALDINE, TURNING WITH A SMILE

HERMAN LIEB, WHOSE SUCCESS IN *Dope* HAS BEEN ONE OF THE YEAR'S DRAMATIC FEATURES

give Prince Emil's love to a certain fascinating Suzanne, and avows his intention of settling down to a virtuous existence. Prince Emil resents his former companion's impromptu lecture, and they arrange to fight a duel in Paris as soon as Emil returns.

Stately Diana Stockton doesn't acquit herself quite so well. Despising Emil she still cannot quite let him alone, and in an unguarded moment he snatches her in his arms. Neatly in the nick of time Jefferson Stockton returns, his wife flees to him for protection, and he very nearly chokes the Prince to death in his hasty American way instead of waiting to exchange harmless shots across a field of honor. In fact he hurts the Prince considerably, and shocks his wife into the unfailing feminine resource of tears.

Everything ends happily ever after, however. Prince Emil is killed by mistake in his duel with Octave, Mr. and Mrs. Stockton are clasped in each other's arms, and Princess Virginia is left free to resume her romance with her American lover, whose reported marriage turns out to be all a mistake. Innocence is triumphant, the mercenary nobility of Europe are crushed, and the eagle utters a loud and reverberating squawk of approval.

A WORKING LADY

WHEN Geraldine Farrar was singing in grand opera in one of the big American cities last winter, there

MAIDEL TURNER, WHO PLAYED MRS. STOCKTON CLEVERLY IN THE RECENT REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY

was a six-ring circus in full blast, and just for a lark, Miss Geraldine skipped school one afternoon and went.

It got behind the rings that she was there, and the girls of the circus sent out in front begging her to come behind the scenes and let them see her. Instantly she and her companion were on their feet, and headed for the circus equivalent to dressing-rooms. There she met a joyous reception.

"Geraldine, why don't you sing something?" her companion said, after the first greetings had spent themselves. "I know the girls are just dying to hear you."

"Want me to?" said Miss Geraldine, turning with a smile.

Did they? Well, did they just!

And throwing back her pretty little head, Geraldine Farrar sang—sang bits from La Boheme, from Traviata, from Madame Butterfly, from one and another of her roles, sang like a truant bird on a strange branch, and the dancers and acrobats and daring riders in their spangled skirts applauded generously.

There was one little girl who didn't applaud, but just sat back and shut her eyes in a quiet corner.

"Don't you like it, Genevieve?" said somebody, noticing her stillness.

She opened a pair of eyes like stars, and sighed a deep full sigh.

"Oh, it's just like listening at the key hole of heaven to hear Geraldine Farrar sing!" she said softly.

It was probably Carlyle after a typical English supper of cold pork, muffins, cheese and beer who remarked grimly that genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains. You really couldn't expect anything more encouraging from such a dyspeptic philosopher as Tammas, but it's considerably more of a shock to have Geraldine Farrar open her red lips and utter the same uncomfortable heresy:

"I have no patience with the 'prodigy' idea," she says. "Talent may be precocious, but prodigies have to work; the more talent they have, the more they have to work, it is all one continuous grind! Mr. Whistler says that artists 'happen'. I don't agree with him! One may understand color and line, have a correct ear for music,

MARGUERITE CLARK LOOKS DEMURE UNDER HER BIG HAT, BUT SHE GETS A LAUGH EVERY TIME IN BABY MINE

or possess a voice, but only *work* makes an *artist*."

With the emphasis on the *work* and the *artist*, too, mind you, Miss Maybelle, who believe you could do as well, if you only had the luck. And worse, than all, she practices what she preaches. There is no harder worker in grand opera than Miss Farrar. People often say, "Geraldine Farrar has had such luck. It's not everybody who has a woman friend willing to spend a small fortune on one's musical education." Yet other prima donnas have had fortune, talents and beauty, and done nothing with them but grow a forty-four inch waist. Geraldine Farrar is just a wholesome everyday American girl of twenty-six, the daughter of "Sid" Farrar, the baseball player.

A working lady is Geraldine Farrar without a doubt. Not a member of the Scrubladies' Union, nor a walking delegate for any trade—nothing but a prima donna, a great singer, and an actress of the first rank. Oh, Maybelle! Isn't it discouraging?

BABY MINE.

IT ALL started with just one lie when the truth would have been so much easier, and the *casus belli* of no consequence, anyway. But Joie Hardy (played by Marguerite Clark) is the sort of woman who lies even about the time of day—a half-hour one way or the other, just to keep in practice—and when her husband, Alfred Hardy, asks her with whom she lunched on a certain day, she denies the allegation and defies the alligator as naturally as she breathes.

Now the truth is that, quite innocently and accidentally, she met downtown Jimmie Jinks, the husband of her best friend, and a friend of her husband's. The hour being noon, Jimmie asks her to luncheon, and she accepts, later explaining naively, when asked by a friend why she did it, "Why—because I was hungry." Alfred discovers accidentally through the waiter that she has lunched with a gentleman, and naturally knows she is lying when she flatly denies having done so. Joie and Alfred are childless, and constantly vibrate from the temperate to the torrid or the frigid zone of married infelicity, and with this last scene, Alfred decides to chuck the whole thing and go away.

Before his departure, Alfred meets Jimmie and tells him the whole story, explaining all the things he intends to do to "that man" when he meets him. Jimmie doesn't like the prescription, and when Alfred departs and stays departed, and Joie's inventive brain is set to work devising means to bring him back, Jimmie is bound to aid her, if only to save himself. Otis Harlan plays Jimmie delightfully.

All the schemes to secure Alfred's return fail, however, until Aggie, Jimmie's wife, tells Joie about a woman who, according to the Sunday paper, adopted a baby in her husband's absence, and pretended to him that it was her own. This scheme seems plausible, and Jimmie is commissioned to get the baby, telegraph Alfred, and be general errand-boy.

Everything is in readiness, except the baby, when Alfred returns ahead of time, and simultaneously Jimmie telephones that the mother has decided at the last moment not to give up the child. "You've got to get that baby, if you have to steal it," commands Joie, desperate, and that is precisely what Jimmie does, returning with it to the flat and finding Alfred fairly mad with joy over the new arrival.

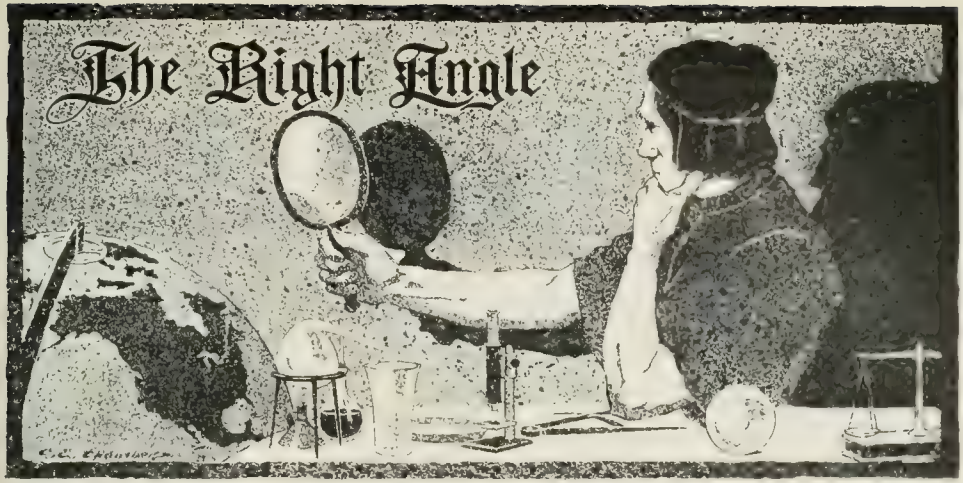
Everything seems settled when it is discovered that the mother has traced Jimmie and is that moment downstairs, demanding the return of her baby. At this crisis, when the jig seems up, the washerwoman's daughter appears with the overdue washing and the explanation that they've got twins at their house.

"Just the thing!" cries Joie. "We'll get one of those babies—she can't possibly want two—and if we can't have it for keeps, we'll rent it until Jimmie can get another."

Poor Jimmie! Once more he starts on the baby-hunt, and returns successful. He is just about to exchange them and return Baby Number One to its frantic mother when Alfred inopportunely appears and catches him escaping with the protesting youngster under his coat. Glib-tongued Joie explains that he is the father of twins, and commissions Jimmie to get the other twin from the washerwoman. "Give it to us?" says Joie. "Of course she'll give it to us. What does anyone want of one twin, anyhow?"

Jimmie protests, but Joie storms, and Jimmie, wilting perceptibly, submits. The irate mother is still raging on the front stairs, and Jimmie returns with Number Three via the fire-escape. Alfred has stepped out and may return any instant, so the front stairs are again barred to Jimmie, and descending the fire-escape with Number One, in order to return it to the mother, Jimmie is arrested as a kidnapper by the night-watchman.

Then the mother of Number One appears with an officer. The father of the twins appears, also with an officer. The night watchman tows Jimmie into the flat. And as everyone is too worn-out with the rush of events to resist, the babies are borne away, while Alfred, surfeited with the multitude of red-faced young howlers, drops back into a morris chair, and heaves a sigh of relief.



KEEPING THE LAW

Montreal, July 11.—The usual high infantile mortality incident to the hot weather in Montreal has started with a rush, and as a result last week there were 240 deaths in the city, as compared with 198 births. Of the 240 deaths, 154 were of children under five years, most of whom were killed by sickness incidental to impure milk and hot weather. The vast majority of these deaths occurred in the poorer quarters of city, where the intense heat caused great suffering.—*Newspaper Item.*

ON this pitiful text it is unnecessary to preach a sermon, for it is firstly, and secondly and lastly, my brethren, all by itself. One hundred and fifty-four dead babies in one city in one week; one hundred and fifty-four little white funerals; one hundred and fifty-four mothers with no little bundle in their arms at night; one hundred and fifty-four young Canadians dead in one city in seven days.

It will be worse in August—August, the month of dog-days and sick children—poor, hot, crying, little mites, jigged up and down in the arms of nerve-racked mothers, or lying, white-faced and passive, too weak to wail. This month all precautions regarding milk should be redoubled, and every receptacle connected with the baby's food cleansed and scalded, and when not in use kept full of boiled water and securely corked to prevent the collection of impurities. This month, above all, you should see that your milkman is handling your milk-supply properly, and if he is not, keep on his trail until he fulfils every letter of the law.

In the milk depot there is no point so small that you can afford to overlook it, remember. One unwashed pair of hands may start an epidemic; one tuberculous cow may be responsible for more white tombstones than a mad dog loose in the streets. You cannot afford to shrug your shoulders and suppose that the health officer takes care of all that sort of thing. The health officer is a busy man, this weather, and it

KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY IN AUGUST AND YOU WILL KEEP HIM HEALTHY ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR

is up to you as a father or mother, or the friend of fathers and mothers, to know positively for yourself that the law is being carried out. You don't know the law? Ah, but you should! Ask your milkman any and all of these questions, and you cannot go far wrong, for there is a law covering each one of them—a law that he is bound to obey.

"Has the health officer inspected your premises, and approved of them, Mr. Milkman? Have you reported the farms from which you obtain milk? Is your milk-wagon dust and fly-proof? Is your dairy building ever used for other purposes than handling milk? Has it proper sewer and water connections? Is it cement floored and walled? Is it provided with proper apparatus for the sterilization of cans, bottles and other utensils used in the dairy? Do you sterilize them? Are your rooms crowded, or is there space for the necessary operations to be properly performed? Is the milk delivered before it is eighteen hours old? Is the pasteurization properly managed? And finally, and most important of all, is everything about the dairy, the men employed, and the utensils kept strictly and inviolately clean?"

A TONGUE LIKE A MOP AND AN APPETITE LIKE QUICKSAND

There are laws governing all of these points, and others, laws with which every milkman is bound to comply. If you do not know the exact reading of the law, look it up, visit your dealer, and appoint yourself a deputy health officer to keep him to his duty. Not one of these points is unimportant, not one is negligible. And it is for *you* to see that they are scrupulously adhered to.

Many cities in Canada are waking up to the need of pure milk legislation, and certified milk depots are being opened in Toronto and elsewhere, from which pure milk suited to the age and condition of all babies can be obtained. Instructions in proper feeding and care of babies is being given in many milk depots and baby tents maintained by charitable organizations in the congested quarters of various large cities. The visiting nurse is also a factor in the dessemination of knowledge among the pitifully ignorant young mothers and the even more ignorant big sister who must look after the baby while its mother is at work.

Let us hope the day will soon come when such stations will be maintained by every Canadian city, and pure milk be within the easy reach of all. In the meantime, scald the baby's bottle, and watch your milkman like a hawk. If not—who knows how dearly you may have to pay?

DID YOU FORGET?

YOU know you were going to box up all your spare books and magazines this summer and send them to Mr. A. Fitzpatrick, The Reading Camp Association, 16A Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ontario. We hope that you did it as soon as you read our account of the reading camp work in our May number; but if you let it slip your memory, we are reminding you that the camps are now in session on the prairies and in the bush, and that contributions of good reading matter will be more than welcome. Send them along now—the classes end in October.

"TINKER BELL," OFFICIALLY MISS FLORENCE PRETZ

BILLS—NON-NEGOTIABLE

WHETHER the little god Billiken has anything to do with it or not, Miss Pretz declines to state, but in the Pretz household where Billiken was first evolved from a lump of clay, there has always been a family of Bills.

There is the Bill-horse and the Bill-dog and the Bill-cat and once upon a time there was a family of Bill-canary-birds whose orchestral effects on sunny mornings were Miss Pretz's special pride. Sometimes she has christened pets by other names on their first arrival, but they won't stick.

"Somehow when anything's been in our family a little while nothing seems to fit its character but Bill," she says, with a humorous twinkle. And Bill it forthwith is. Whether they inherit their dispositions from their immortal namesake or not, the four-legged folk of the household have much of the whimsical expression of the God of Things as They Ought To Be—witness Miss Pretz's sketches reproduced herewith. The very essence of ridiculous dumsy pupdom is expressed in the drawing of the Bill-dog ravishing by he strong paw a plate of "nutriment" -food is never referred to by any less gnified term than "nutriment" in the ill-family—from the outraged Bill-t. And as for the spirit of scientific vestigation, observe the other Bill-g's air as he puts a cautious paw nder the tail-tip of the Bill-cat in a period of comparative peace. It bodes ill for the future of that nervous pussy, who lives in a state of daily adventure beside which the life of Captain Kidd is tame, and which has given her an unholy facility in climbing trees.

In fact, the only safe harbour the Bill-cat knows is when Miss Pretz curls up at her Daily Bread-Board to "do some art." Unobtrusively he wriggles up behind his mistress, who moves forward obligingly to give him room. Presently he feels lonesome, and crawls around under the Bread-Board, where he gets tickled under the chin. The end of the manouver is the Bill-cat sprawled across the thumb-tacked drawing, chasing Miss Pretz's pencil-point across the bristol-board. After that—the cellar and outer darkness filled with indignant wailings.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT IN PATIENCE

SHOP TALK.

"YOU know, I think you're a miracle!" said the Home Department Editor, balancing his tea-cup on his knee and smiling at the Garden Lady. "How do you manage that window-garden of yours in a furnace heated house? For ten years I've been telling my subscribers that you simply couldn't grow houseplants in furnace-heated air, and here you go and tell me I'm a liar, just as plain as if you'd said it."

"Not a bit," said the Garden Lady, pluming herself a little at the sincere praise. "It's quite true. You can't. But let me tell you

AFTER-DINNER SOLITAIRE

about my queer birthday present."

She paused to refill the Home Department Editor's cup, and settled back among the cushions with a laugh.

"You know I'm a crank on my garden. Last year when Jim asked me what I wanted most for my birthday I told him that if he would promise not to laugh I wanted three loads of fertilizer—and I got it, though the family, not being under any promise, guyed me for weeks. The year before that I'd had the peony roots for the Long Walk; and this year I decided I'd retrieve myself and ask for an amethyst lavalliere when Jim sounded me. But he didn't sound me, and the day before my birthday he got me out of the house on a perfectly transparent pretext. I saw shavings when I got home, but I didn't say a word, and next morning when he took me down cellar I was prepared for anything on earth, though I hadn't the least idea what it was."

The Garden Lady sipped her tea reflectively, and indulged in a tempting, throaty little chuckle. The Home Department Editor waved his tea-cake impatiently.

"Hurry up, Lady! Out with it!"

"It was—a furnace."

"Did you kill him?" inquired the Home Department Editor, cheerfully.

"Indeed, I didn't! It took a little demonstration before I was really enthusiastic, though. It was a special kind of furnace, with a water-pan that went all the way around inside the casing, and kept the air of the house so moist that I could have my long dreamed of winter-garden in the bay window. For years I've lamented over the impossibility of keeping plants alive in a furnace-heated house on account of the dryness of the air; I've cried over some of my most precious plants ruined in the attempt; and I've simply been on tiptoe for months for spring to come. So blessed old Jim went and bought me that precious furnace. And I don't care if it is a funny present, I've had more fun out of my winter-garden than out of three new dresses, and nobody's had a cold in this house this season."

"Peony-roots, fertilizer, and a furnace!" murmured the Home Department Editor, softly. "Dear Garden Lady, you *are* a miracle! May I have another cup of tea?"

GREATER SASKATCHEWAN.

THE future of Saskatchewan has been prophesied by many voices, the only question being who should make it the brightest, and a competition is now being inaugurated for the best essay on the subject of "Greater Saskatchewan," four prizes being offered by Mr. J. H. Haslam, of Regina, and the contest being open to residents of the British Isles. Mr. Haslam believes that Saskatchewan, with her natural resources, offers a splendid future to the capitalists and laboring classes of Great Britain, and that the stream of English capital and labor that has been enriching alien countries and peoples should be turned towards the prairie province.

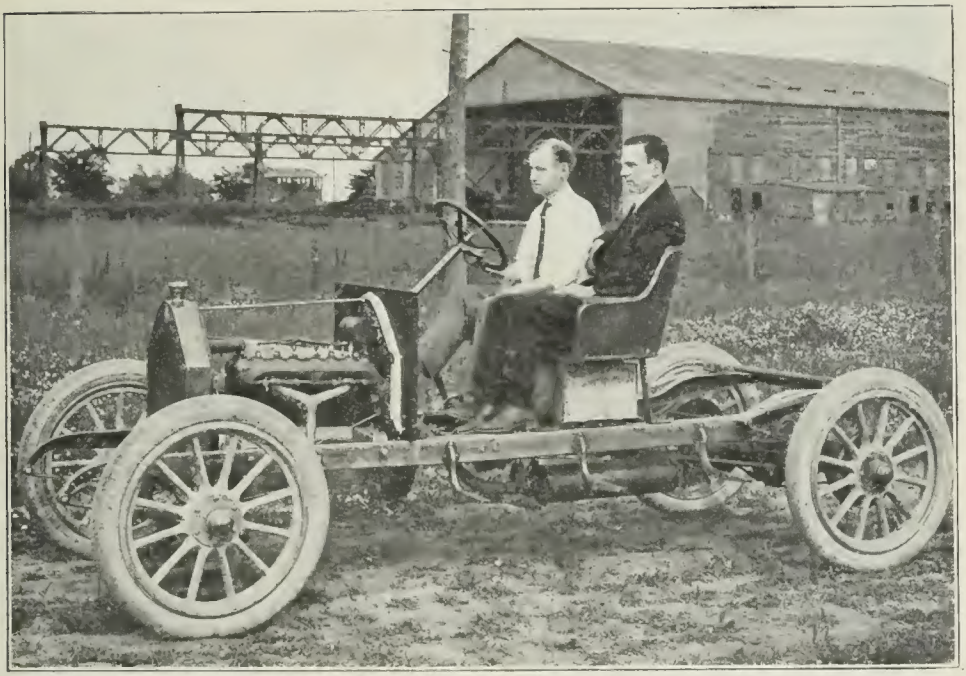
It is a subject well worth the pen of essayist and economist, and we shall be interested in chronicling the results of the competition.

A PROGRESSIVE POET.

ONCE in awhile a belated poet sticks up a frost-bitten head and plaintively inquires how in Pegasus you expect him to carol with things the way they are nowadays?

"Where's Maud Muller?" he asks—purely rhetorically, you understand. "She's a smoky steam-thresher. Where's the rosy dairymaid who sings as she—er—as she churns the—er—milk? Where's the sunbrowned lassie with the cider pitcher, and the sturdy shirt-sleeved mowers and the gleaning women making merry as they gather up the golden grain? Where's the mossy mill and the daisied field and the plowing oxen? They use a tin separator now, and drink water from the windmill, and cut the hay by machinery, and they've ripped the old mill to pieces and put in a turbine electrical power plant, and killed out the daisies and anybody'd as soon think of plowing with a cleft stick as a yoke of oxen. I don't say it isn't all very well for the fellow who does the work—but where do I come in?"

There isn't any answer to this: it is undeniable that the verdant-mead



A GENUINE CANADIAN-MADE AUTOMOBILE ON ITS TRIAL SPIN

school of poets must pick their flowers of speech second-hand. The poet for whom McAndrews prayed, "Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of Steam!" is the only one who can find material in Western Canada. But there are signs of his arrival in the prairie country. At least one man, Mr. E. F. Miller, has burst into song over the Canadian wheat-fields in his "Canadian Land," which appreciates both the beauty and the intrinsic value of Canada. Mr. Miller, who is a well-known American evangelist, has looked on the revolving separator and the powerful steam tractor turning over huge chocolate slices of Canadian loam, and found them good. More than that, he is singing them in half the cities of the United States. After all, it is not a question of ox or gasoline that makes Romance.

. . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.
His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
. . . . . .
In dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still.

It needs only the eyes to see him, as he bends his back to throw the bar of the windmill, or tighten a nut on his snorting steam-plow.

AN AUTO IN NEGLIGEE.

IT IS interesting to note the steady increase of Canadian manufacturers, and the solid and workmanlike character of the products turned out this side of "the Line." Hardly a month passes without some new industry being taken up in Canada and one more item being produced on our own ground instead of being imported.

A genuine, Canadian-made automobile, Dominion-built from muffler to headlight, is shown above, undergoing the testing-out process, with its designer, Mr. E. W. Winans, at the wheel, and Mr. A. J. Kinnucan acting as passenger. Lean enough the big machine looks without its "body," but none the less effective when it comes to putting dirt under its wheels.

There is no reason why everything that a Canadian uses in the ordinary service of existence should not bear the label, "Made in Canada," and the faster this day comes, the better it will be for the country.

EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS

AN earnest elder of a church in Alberta, participating in a service at which prayers for rain were offered, sent up this petition:

"O, Lord: You know we need rain and need it bad. We haven't had even a smell of rain for two months. What we need is a real rain—none of your little drizzle-drazzles, but a regular gully-washer and road-wrecker!"

HOPELESS TASK

FOR hours and hours the man, with his brows bent in stubborn determination, pores over the object before him.

Anon he half rises with a word of satisfaction and equally as anon he settles down again to his task awith sigh of disappointment.

"What is he working at?" we ask of one of the onlookers.

"He's trying to identify himself in a flashlight photograph of the crowd at a banquet," explains the individual of whom we seek the information.

With a sympathetic smile, we pass along.

HELPING PAPA

"AH," sighs the enamored swain, as the taxicab rolls smoothly and swiftly on its way, "if we might ride on thus forever together! Would it not seem heavenly to you?"

"It might be very nice," calmly responds the beautiful creature. "Papa owns half a interest in this taxicab company."

EMPTY NESTS

By Alexander Louis Fraser

BEHOLD that nest; by summer's hand 'twas swung,
Beneath a canopy of scalloped green,
Which Autumn has removed; therein was seen
Four tiny, feeble forms of feathery young;
'Tis empty now: they sing far fields among,
Where cruel winds ne'er blow from frozen seas;
Nor deep-eyed Hunger sits 'neath leafless trees—
But where sweet scents to the warm winds are flung.

How like this one beneath the old roof-tree,
Where little voices piped as day was born,
And love helped them their early powers to essay;
They felt the world's strange lure and went away;
So in gray days now you can sometimes see
A lonely pair sit 'mid these haunts,—forlorn!

HER PREFERENCE

"I ENDEAVOR not to make any distinctions as to my servants," says the new mistress. "My rule is to treat each of them as one of the family."

"Yes, mum," replies the new girl, "but if it's all the same to you I'd rather be treated with respect."